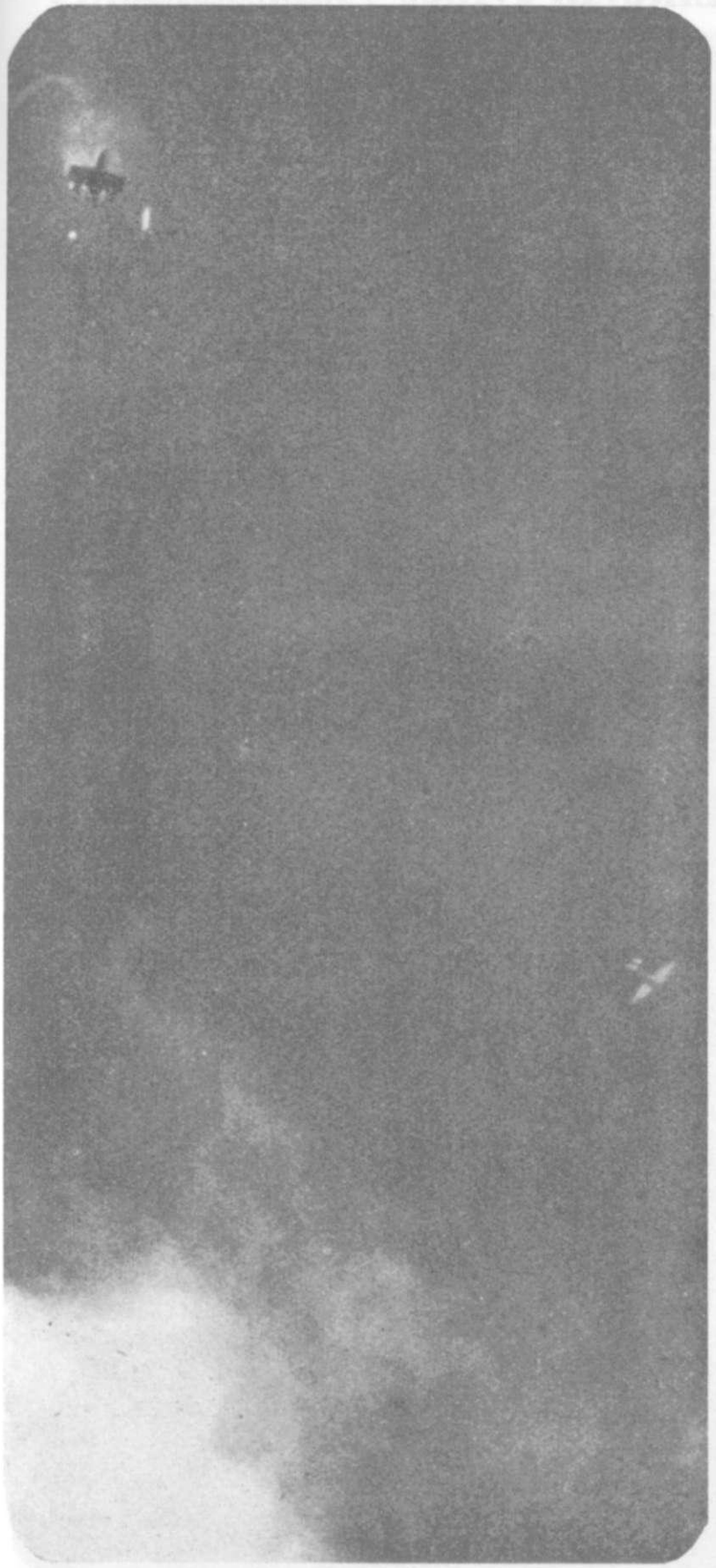
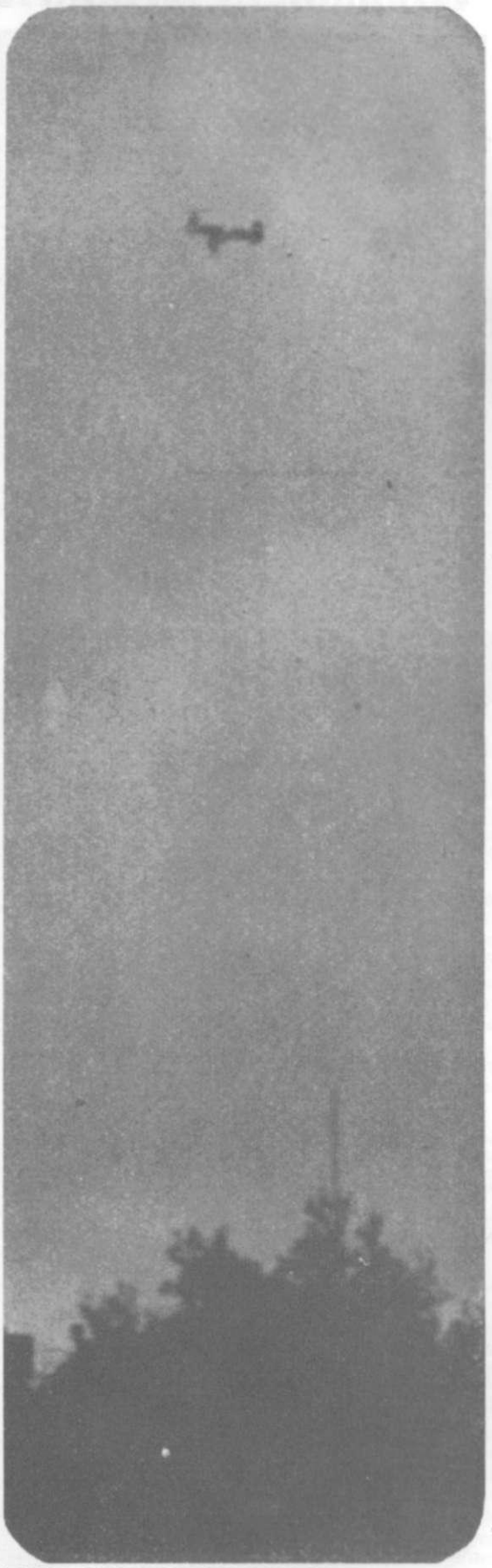




THIS WAS THE END OF THE BOMBER THAT ATTACKED BUCKINGHAM PALACE

These spectacular photographs record the destruction of the Dornier bomber that, having raided Buckingham Palace, was destroyed by a British fighter in mid air and fell in bits and pieces over Victoria (see pages 322 and 332). Hit by the bullets of the fighter seen in lower part of the left-hand photograph the Nazi machine exploded and its tail and wing tips can be seen detached. In the right-hand photograph its twin tail is hurtling down. The Fighter pilot's own story is given in page 332.

Photos, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Grenadiers Would Like to Meet Nazis Again!

THE Grenadier Guards more than maintained their great reputation for gallantry and steadiness during the retreat to Dunkirk and during the memorable scenes on the Dunes. Back in England their one desire was to have another meeting with the Nazi army. Now, in the North East of England, they are going through an intensive course of training in those tactics which their experience in France and Flanders taught them were most effective. To the Tommy-gun, the newest of all weapons, Guardsmen have taken kindly. They can do deadly execution with them by firing from the hip when advancing across open country and can make extremely effective use of them while going full speed on motor-cycles.

1. The Grenadier Guards making a charge while they utter fearsome cries to strike terror into the enemy. 2. A Guardsman armed with a Tommy gun uses it effectively from behind a tree. 3. With the Bren gun is Guardsman J. Nicholls, brother of Corpl. H. Nicholls, the Dunkirk V.C. of the Grenadiers. 4. Here, advancing through a smoke screen, are some of the Guards' Bren gun carriers.

Photos, Fox

The Empire Will Fight Till Victory Be Won

Now that we are well into the second year of the war we may discover no weakening of effort, no slackening of resolve, but, on the contrary, a tremendous intensification of the activities and preparations that make for victory. Here is a review of some of the outstanding achievements of the Commonwealth at war.

IN South Africa's Parliament at Cape Town they were debating the course of the war. General Hertzog, Leader of the Nationalists and former Prime Minister, had been arguing that the war was already lost and that Great Britain had no chance without allies against both Germany and Italy. Then General Smuts rose to reply.

"We are not going to be deflected from our course by Hitler's victories or glorification of Germany," he said. "We do not run away, we are not hands-uppers." He would not take the road of Pétain. "Nobody desires peace more than I. But I want to know what kind of peace I can expect." The opposition was prepared to conclude peace at any price, but he believed in only one kind of peace, peace through victory. "I would rather a thousand times be with England than with Germany. We want nothing to do with Nazidom and 'Heil Hitler!'" South Africa's main line of defence, went on the General, was Kenya and the other African colonies, and South African troops were already there playing their part. Germany was beaten in 1918 despite her long series of victories; she was a colossus with feet of clay, and it collapsed. In this war, so long as Britain maintained control of the sea and brought her air force to the first rank, there could be no question of victory for Germany, but on the other hand, every prospect of victory for those who opposed her. "General Hertzog," concluded the Premier amidst tremendous cheers, "asks how long South Africa will prosecute the war. I tell him now that we shall go on till we have achieved victory."

Not long before, General Smuts, who in addition to being Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa is C.-in.-C. of the South African Forces, made a moving farewell to the troops about to set off for Kenya.

"As an old soldier," he said, "I know what your service as soldiers in the far north may mean to most of you. I express to you the gratitude of the people of South Africa for the choice you have made and the service you are prepared to offer your people and your country. More no man can do than offer his life for his friend. That offer, the highest and most solemn offer a man can make, you are making. We are proud of you.

"A nation is never proud of its hands-uppers, its fence-sitters, its players-for-safety. We South Africans reserve our respect and pride for bitter-enders, for those who go all out and take their life in their own hands for their country and their people. You are going north to meet the enemy where he can be found, not where he comes to find you—in your own homes. That, too, has been the tradition of South Africa. We did it in the last war."

They did it, indeed, as many of those who listened to General Smuts knew well—those who were sons of the men who held Delville Wood on the Somme against the terrific German attacks in the summer of 1916.

These young Australian pilots in training at Narromine aerodrome, Australia, are marching out to their 'planes for an instructional flight. They will complete their training in Canada.

Photo, Wide World

So the Springboks left South Africa for the front in Kenya, and as the trains drew out from the station there arose from the packed carriages the Springbok war-cry. "Jubilwayo!" shouted the leader, and in reply came the great chorus, "Gheegamalay-oo! Gee! Gheegamalay-oo! Gee! Gheegamalay-oo! W-A-A-H!"

Arrived in Kenya they were received by the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, who conveyed to them the King's message of greeting.

"Your presence here," said the Governor, "fighting side by side with units raised in the Rhodesias and in both East and West Africa (these, it may be mentioned, are the Gold Coast Regiment and the King's African Rifles) is a striking proof of the determination of all members of the British Commonwealth in Africa to present a united front against the King's enemies."

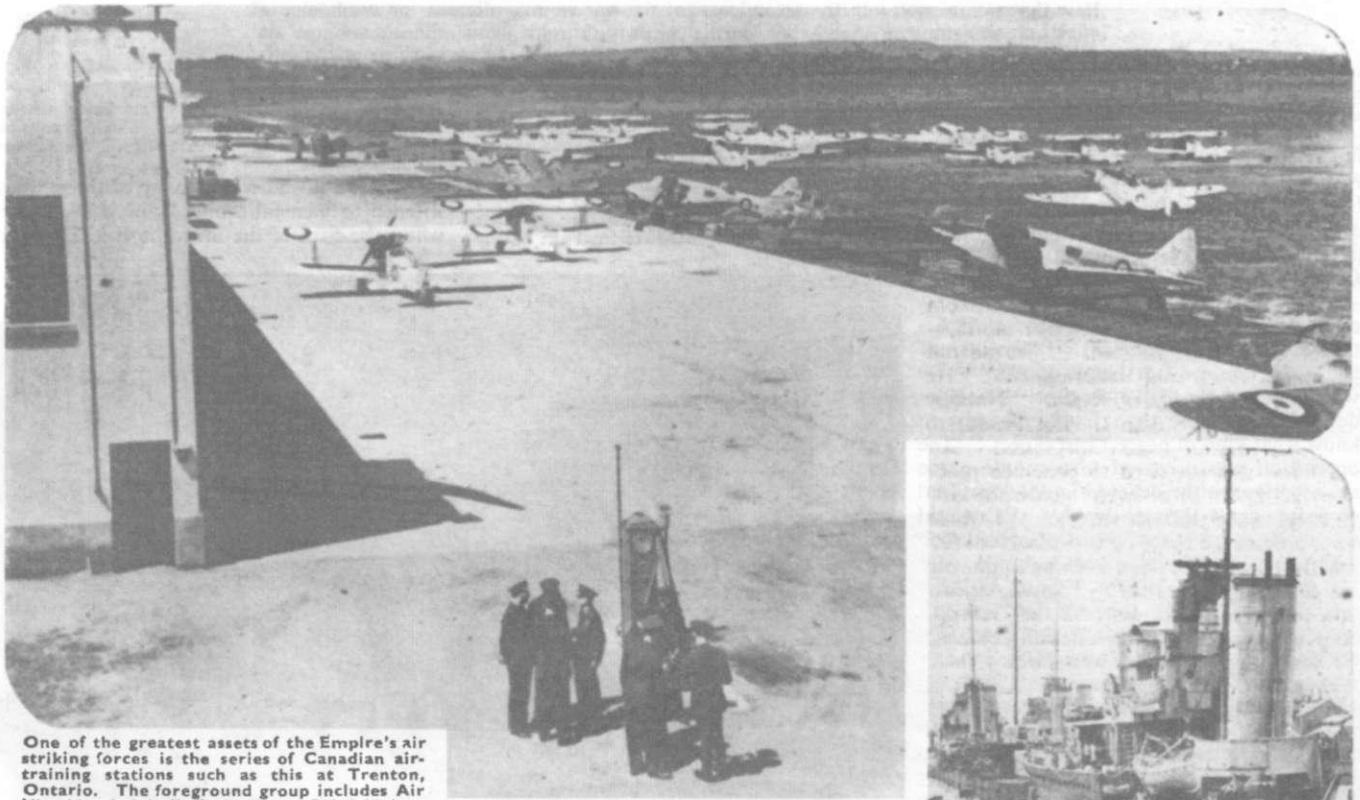
The South African Field Force is under the command of General Dickinson, and is a self-contained separately organized unit; even the nurses and scores of girl clerks and stenographers that accompany it are all drawn from the Union.

In Australia the same magnificent spirit is abundantly manifest. "Unable to promise easy things," said Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Prime Minister, in a recent speech, "the Government ranges itself behind the brave inspiring policy of Mr. Churchill." Then in an account of the "honourable achievements" of the past year he revealed that 130,000 men had been raised for the Australian Imperial Force for service overseas, that many thousands more had been recruited for the Navy and Air Force, as well as 100,000

Like all the British Government Offices, the London offices of the Dominion High Commissioners have armed guards. Above, Australian soldiers are parading in the entrance hall of Australia House before taking up their posts. In the centre photograph, Australian soldiers in London are lending a hand in clearing wreckage caused by a bomb.

Photos, Sport & General

From Every Quarter They Come to Britain



One of the greatest assets of the Empire's air striking forces is the series of Canadian air-training stations such as this at Trenton, Ontario. The foreground group includes Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean, Chief Liaison Officer with the Canadian Air Force.

for home defence. Furthermore, the Commonwealth's aircraft, shipbuilding, and munition industries had all been expanded so that in every direction Australia was putting her every ounce into the fight.

A similar story is to be told of New Zealand. Thousands of New Zealanders are side by side with the Australians in Egypt and Palestine and the British Isles, and at home in the Dominion she has in reserve an infantry division, a cavalry brigade, and a territorial force, shortly to be given intensive training.

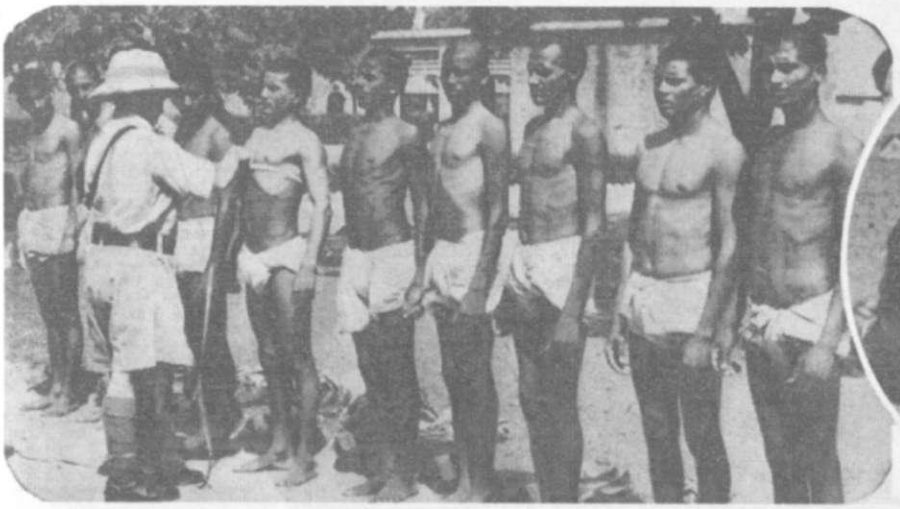
Canada's war effort, too, has gained a tremendous impetus. An official review of the situation issued from Ottawa at the end of August stated that Canada would shortly have a corps of two complete divisions and ancillary troops in the United Kingdom, and that the third and fourth divisions, now practically complete, were being trained and equipped in Canada. The strength of the Canadian Active Service Force is 133,000, while the Non-Permanent Active Militia has nearly 50,000 actually enrolled. From October 1, 30,000 men will be called up each month under the recently passed Mobilization Act; the first men affected are likely to be those of 21 and 22 years of age, who will be required to undergo a thirty-day period of training. The Royal Canadian Air Force has a strength of nearly 20,000 officers and airmen; and the Royal Canadian Navy has 113 vessels in operation, manned by nearly 9,000 officers and men. In the near future a hundred more vessels will be added to Canada's fleet. In her shipyards two new destroyers are being built for the Royal Navy, and three merchant vessels are being converted into armed cruisers. Twenty-two schools established under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan are now in operation; and all the aerodromes, hangars, and buildings scheduled to open in 1941 will be completed before the end of this year. Following the collapse of France Canada intensified her efforts, particularly in the field of aircraft production, and to an ever-increasing extent Canada's industry is being turned over to war purposes, and enormous quantities of arms and munitions are being produced each week.

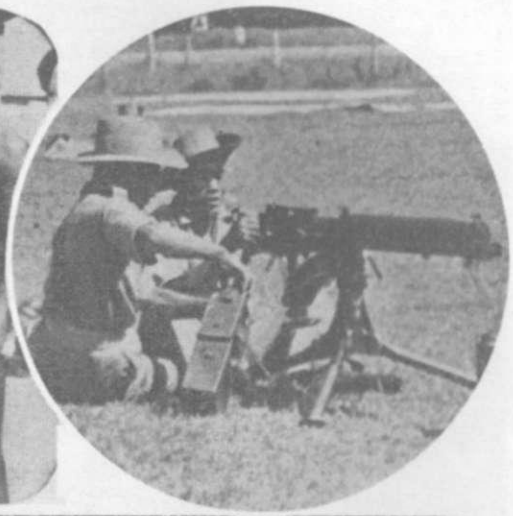
Among the troops of Transjordania is the Arab Legion, enlisted from Beduins. This man of the Legion on sentry-go at a desert camp has an alarm clock hung on the post.
Photos, British Official and Canadian Official

Because of her size and the enormous multitude of her peoples, because of her age-old history and wonderful culture, India occupies a unique place in the British Commonwealth of Nations. The intervention of Italy has brought her very near to the war, and her effective frontier now runs through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, the Middle East and Malaya. In Egypt, Aden, and Singapore Indian and British forces are occupying these vital strategic links. Some thousands of Indian troops are already overseas, but the army in India is much stronger than it was when war broke out. Regular units are being reinforced, territorials embodied, garrison companies raised, and units for general service have been inspected from some of the Indian States. The Royal Indian Navy has been more than doubled, and the naval establishments at Bombay and Karachi have been correspondingly enlarged. Steps have been taken to increase the number of Indian officers commissioned each year. Then India is rapidly becoming one vast arsenal, turning out war materials of all kinds not only for the Indian forces in India and abroad, but for the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and their Allies. It has been stated that of the 40,000 items needed to equip a modern army, more than 20,000 are already being produced in India, and in the first eight months of the war the peak of production of the ordnance factories reached a peak which was touched only towards the end of the last war. Ex-

On June 6 it was announced that seven Canadian destroyers had arrived in British waters. Here men from one of them are landing in Britain for the first time.

Never Has the 'Old Country' Called in Vain





pansion of the Air Force is also in hand, and large numbers of Indian pilots are being trained. Finally, an Indian defence savings movement has been launched, and is receiving immense contributions from princes and people alike.

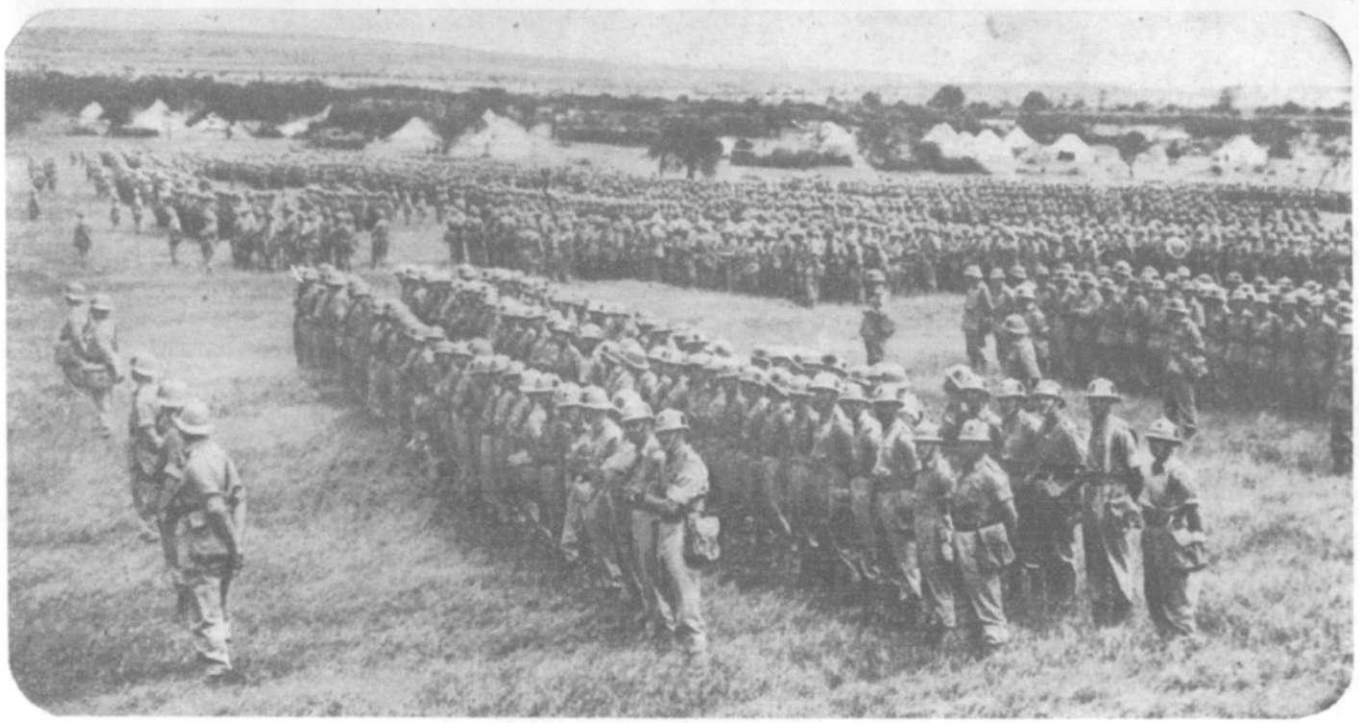
Much the same story could be told of all the other members of the British family of nations. From every quarter the Government in London has received offers of help given without asking and without stint. To take just a few examples, Malta has raised extra battalions for the King's Own Malta Regiment, some 3,000 "parashots," and has contributed a battery now on overseas service. Malaya has made considerable financial contributions for the prosecution of our war effort, and is the home of an officers' cadet training unit for the Far East. Newfoundland, one of the first to respond to the call, has sent a heavy artillery regiment to the United Kingdom. Men, materials, ammunition—all are being given freely to the cause of Britain and the British Commonwealth.

"Take a deep breath," says the Army doctor who is taking the measurements of a new batch of recruits at Delhi for the 11/14th (Gurgaon) Punjab Regiment—one of the regiments making up India's territorial force. Circle: Machine-gunners of the Malay Regiment on manœuvres in Singapore.

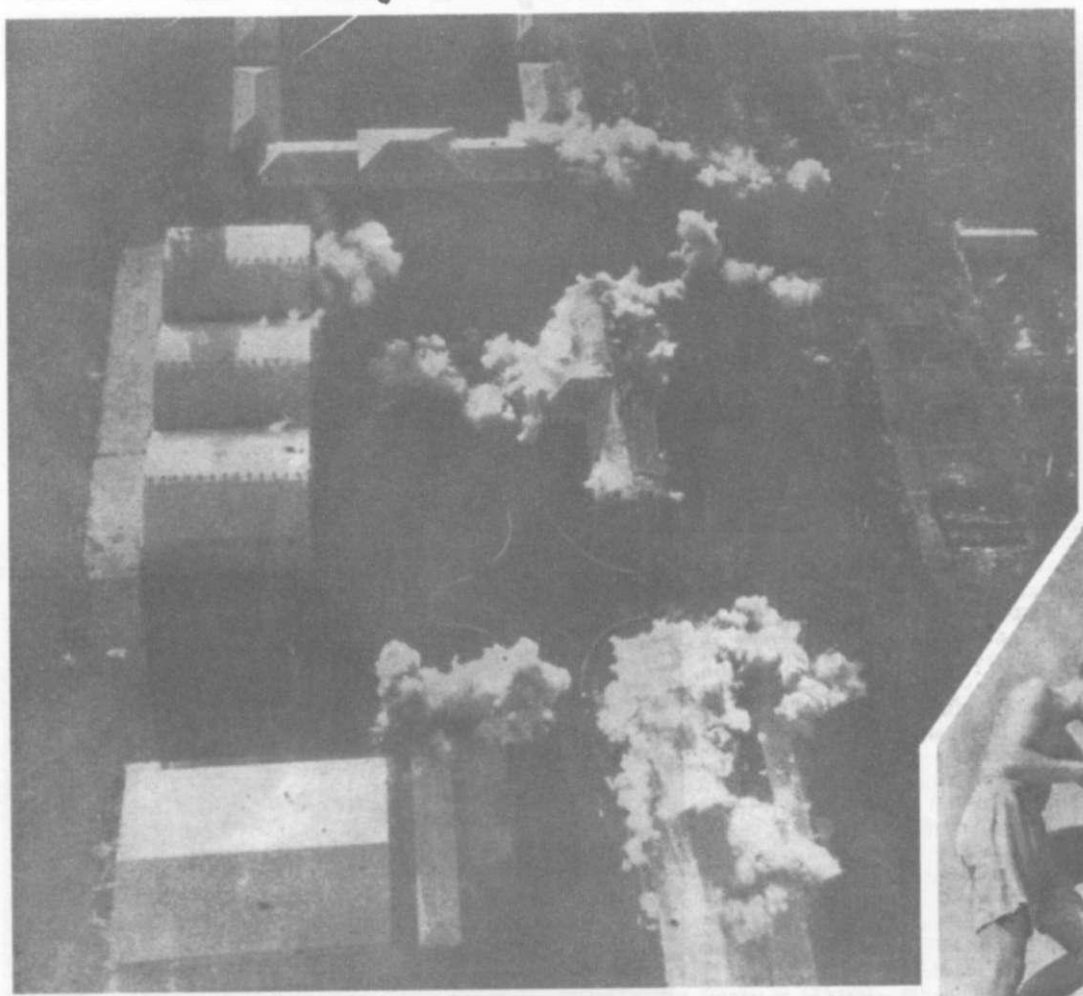
Photos, Keystone & L.N.A.

This eighteen-pounder gun is being worked by members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, now in England. Below are some of the South African troops paraded at Nairobi on their arrival in Kenya, when through the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, they received a message from the King.

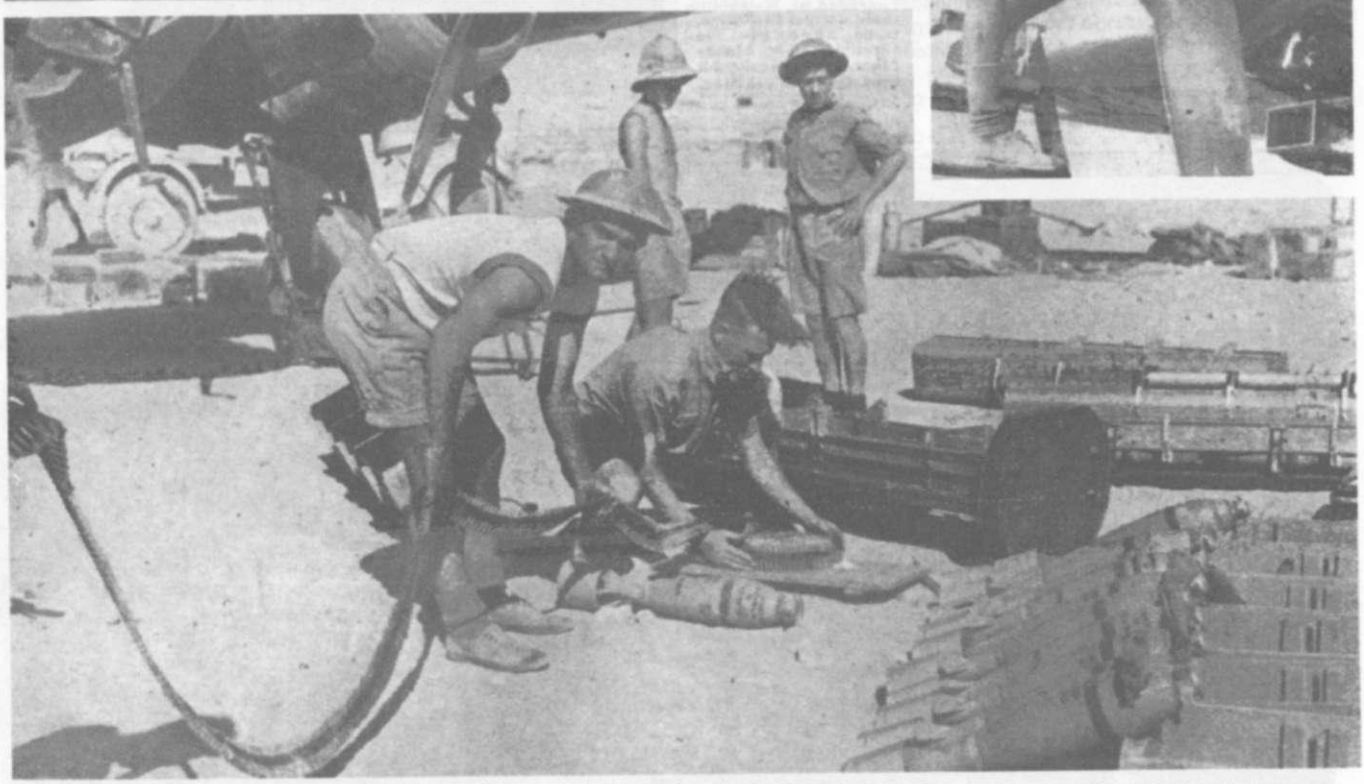
Photos, L.N.A. and South African Official



In Africa Italy Loses Five to One in Air Fights



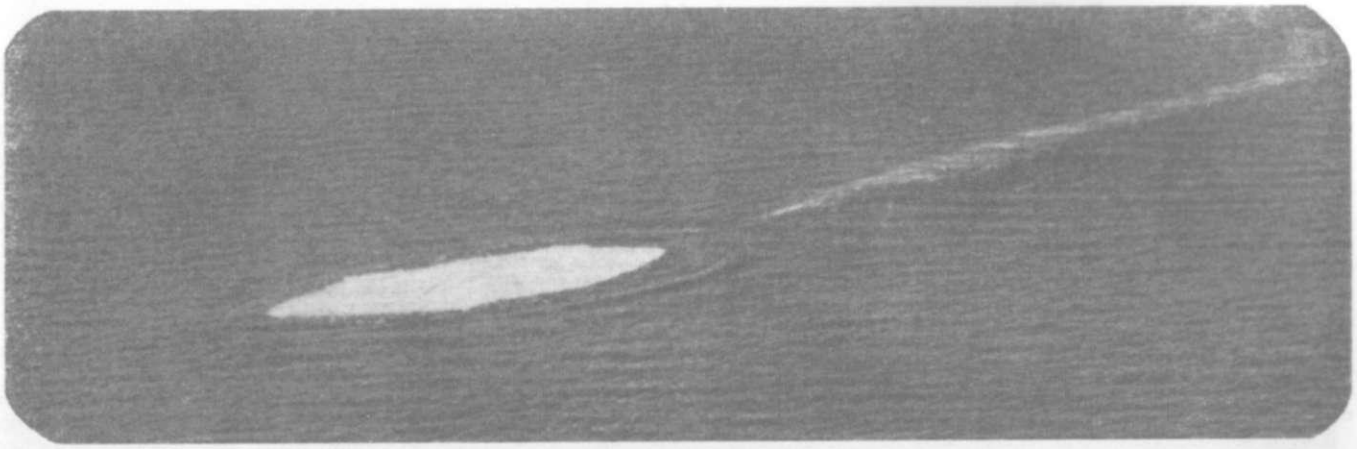
The result of two successive raids in August by the R.A.F. in the Middle East is seen in the photograph, left, taken from a height of 4,000 feet when British bombers were attacking Asmara aerodrome. The building in the centre has suffered a direct hit, while on the right are ruins of buildings destroyed in a previous raid. In the photograph below a mechanic with a bomber squadron at a desert aerodrome in Egypt is overhauling the propeller of a machine.



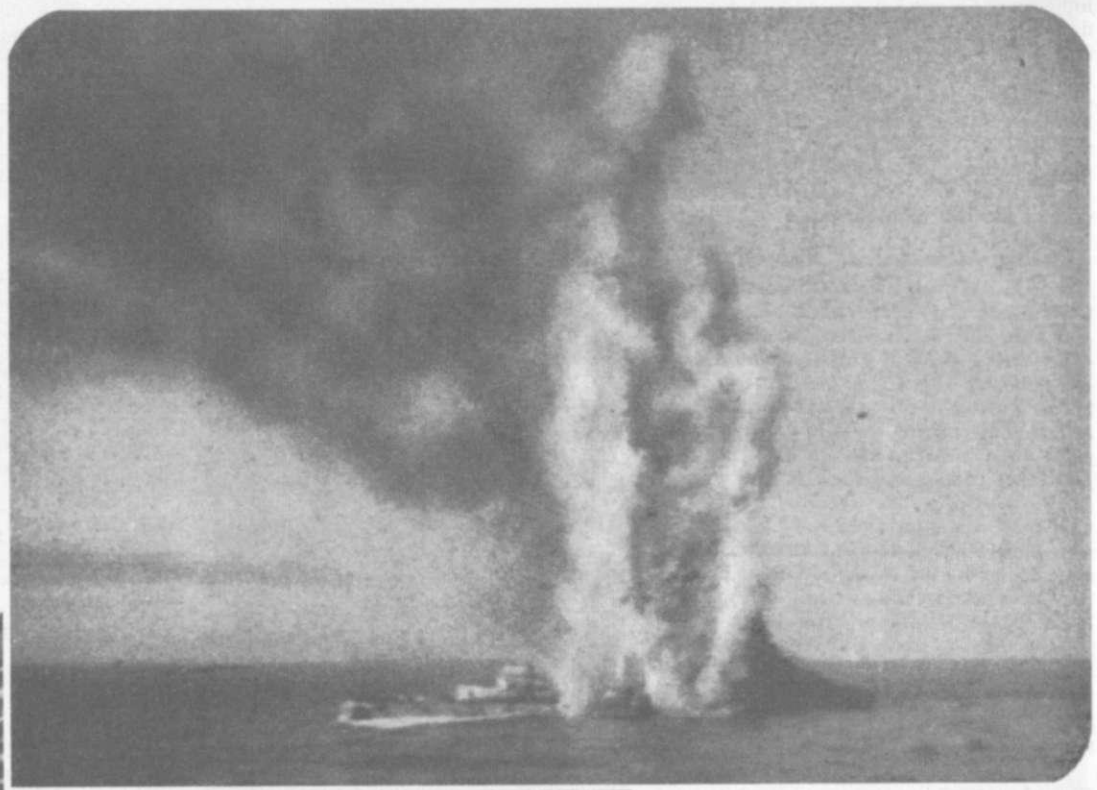
These British aircraft armourers, browned by the desert sun, are preparing the deadly load of a bomber about to start off on a flight against an enemy position. Ammunition for the machine-guns is being wound, and bombs have been unpacked. The R.A.F. has attained even greater supremacy over the Italians in the Middle East than over the Germans in Europe. Up to the beginning of September, Italy had lost 250 'planes in aerial fights in Africa and Britain about one-fifth of that number.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Yet Mussolini Still Says It is 'Our Sea'

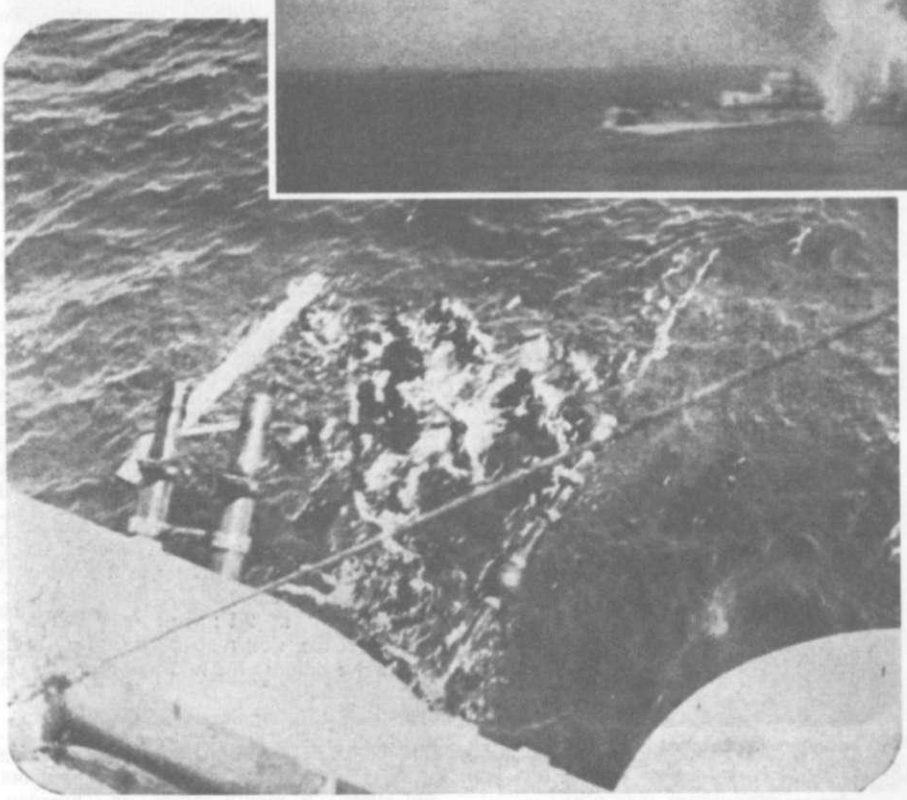


Above, an Italian submarine in the Mediterranean has been sent to its last account by depth-charges dropped from a Sunderland flying-boat of the R.A.F. Eastern Command. A huge patch of oil tells with certainty of its fate. The photograph was taken from another 'plane.



The sinking of the crack Italian cruiser "Bartolomeo Colleoni" on July 19, 1940, by H.M.S. "Sydney" and a few destroyers has already been recounted (see page 92). Photographs now available show, right, the Italian ship as she sank with a column of black smoke rising from her, and, below, some of the survivors. They are coming alongside a British destroyer.

Photos, British Official: Crown copyright



THE Italian determination to make the Mediterranean "our own sea" is still very far from fulfilment, and the record of the Italian Navy so far cannot have given Mussolini much ground for hope that his ships may yet cover themselves with glory.

After the sinking of the "Bartolomeo Colleoni," on July 19, the Italian Fleet lay low until August 31, when it was reported that the enemy's main fleet of battleships, cruisers and destroyers was at sea. An immediate effort was made by the British forces to make contact, but as soon as the enemy got news that the British were approaching they turned tail. In the first six days of September search was made for the enemy in the Dodecanese bases but no warships were there. The Fleet Air Arm, however, bombed the bases, both there and on the island of Rhodes, while British warships bombarded military objectives in the Dodecanese Islands. Thus, in six days the Royal Navy made a clean sweep of the Mediterranean and made it possible for convoys of British troops reinforcing the Army in the Middle East to pass unmolested.

London Was in the Front Line of Air Battle

The Nazi attempt to destroy the morale of Londoners by air attack had, as American correspondents told the world, no chance of any kind of success. Yet Goering's Luftwaffe continued in the period here reviewed, September 12 to 18, their murderous and destructive bombing of the capital.

TALES of heroism, fortitude and quiet endurance that have consistently and continually come from the Provinces have now been matched by stories of magnificent bravery in London during the fierce and wanton assaults by Nazi bombers which began on September 7. Thus a child of 14, given up as dead when her home in south-west London was bombed to the ground on Monday night, was rescued on Friday after eight hours' tunnelling through a mountain of debris. Her story is told in detail in page 331.

During another raid, after one particularly loud crash, a warden dashed out into the darkness and, skirting a large crater in the road, came to a pile of bricks which had recently been a house. Climbing over some of these he called, "Is anybody there?" From the depths a male voice replied "Yes, an old lady and myself." "Is she all righ?" called the warden. "No, she's a little bothered to know where she is going to spend the rest of the night."

Goering Attacks King and Queen

Twice in the week bombs fell on Buckingham Palace, and in Friday's assault the attack must have been deliberate. The Royal Chapel was destroyed, but Their Majesties were unhurt. The King and Queen, who had made several visits to the poorer London quarters that suffered most in earlier raids, replied to a Cabinet message: "Like so many other people we have now had a personal experience of German barbarity, which only strengthens the resolution of us all to fight through to final victory." An incendiary bomb fell on the House of Lords, but was quickly extinguished. Other firebombs fell in Downing Street but did no damage. In all, eight City churches have been bombed. Half a dozen bombs fell near St. Paul's Cathedral, including a 1-ton missile buried near the West door (see page 326) and heavy H.E. bombs.

Nazi bombers seem to have selected any conspicuous and prominent buildings for attack, and 118 London schools have thus been put out of action, mostly in night raids. Hospitals also were bombed, some twice.

The Law Courts were hit, and one Chancery Court demolished. It was clear that the raids were as ruthless as the Nazis could make them in order to sap civilian morale.

On the night of Sep. 11 the raiders were met by a terrific barrage of A.A. fire, the like of which had never before been encountered. Round London was a veritable ring of bursting shells and, strangest of all, no searchlights were seen until later on in the night. It was obvious that a method of ranging and "prediction" different from and greatly superior to the visual one previously employed had come into use.

In the ordinary predictor certain optical instruments are kept focused on the raider. The apparatus forecasts the probable future course of the raider, giving out settings for ranging and sighting the A.A. guns (see p. 702, Vol. 2). Location by sound is done by an arrangement of microphones which are turned in various directions until the sound of the aeroplane is heard at its loudest by the operators. Thus the bearing for a searchlight, for instance, is obtained. It was inferred that the new prediction method which staggered the Germans was based on a combination of these two principles.

PRIME MINISTER TO FIGHTER COMMAND

A message of congratulation to the Fighter Command on Sunday's air success sent on Sep. 16 by Mr. Churchill:

Yesterday eclipsed all previous records of the Fighter Command.

Aided by squadrons of their Czech and Polish comrades, using only a small proportion of their total strength, and under cloud conditions of some difficulty, they cut to rags and tatters three separate waves of murderous assault upon the civilian population of their native land, inflicting a certain loss of 125 bombers and 53 fighters upon the enemy, to say nothing of probables and damaged, while themselves sustaining only a loss of 12 pilots and 25 machines.

These results exceed all expectations, and give just and sober confidence in the approaching struggle.

The Strand was bombed on the night of September 16-17, but a huge crater in the roadway was all the damage done. Beyond it is the famous Church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

The raiders seem to have come over in bomber formation on that Wednesday night, instead of in ones or twos, and immediately they approached London's outer defences they were baffled, scattered and harassed by a curtain of bursting shells flung miles up into the air by our 4·7 A.A. guns. Coming down lower to avoid these they encountered still other missiles from other guns, until finally, at the lowest zone, they were frustrated by machine-gun fire.

Only a few raiders continued on their death-dealing mission; the majority turned back and made off. Though few were actually shot down, the new barrage had succeeded in protecting the great area of outer and inner London, and only a few bombs were dropped in the central part. The barrage cut down the death-roll for that night to 40, and only 170 were injured.

London's Curtain of Flying Steel

On Thursday night the protective curtain of steel came again into operation, even fiercer than on Wednesday, though not so continuous. Reports from New York said that warships of the Royal Navy, stationed in the Thames, were helping to put up the barrage around London. Fewer raiders got through than on Wednesday, and the main thrust seemed to have been diverted to other parts of Britain. Dockland and Central London in particular were well protected, though no guns were diverted from the defence of other districts.

On Friday London had its longest day raid, and when the sirens sounded at 9.45 a.m. (second time that morning) people on their way to work were obliged to shelter until nearly 2 o'clock. Lone raiders flew recklessly over Central London and dived down through the low clouds to bomb prominent buildings. In the afternoon, before a warning came, there was another tip-and-run raid. At 9.2 p.m., the usual night attack began; there were many raiders, but owing to the barrage they had to adopt different tactics. All their lanes of approach to the Metropolis were hedged by continuous screens of gunfire, and only a few got through to drop bombs. Comparatively little damage was done during this raid.

On Saturday it was learned that our balloon barrage had been improved and that the ballons could now be flown at a far greater height than hitherto. Early on Friday the new barrage had claimed its first enemy machine. Two raids of short duration on Saturday morning were followed by a third and fourth in which the Nazis reverted to mass formations and flung in three hundred bombers, striving to reach London from the South-east; it was believed that they were testing the defences in this sector. Another warning came at 7.49 p.m., with the "All Clear" at 9.1; just over half an hour later the sirens sounded again, but after twelve minutes the raid was over and a quiet night followed.

The Luftwaffe on Sunday, September 15, suffered **its greatest setback since the beginning of mass raids, losing 185 machines and about 400 pilots.** A month earlier, on Thursday,

Suburbia Saves What It Can From the Wreck

It is not only in the East End, tragic as it is, that Nazi hate has wrecked the people's homes. The little houses of the suburbs have also suffered their fury. In houses, such as these in S.W. London, that have been only partially wrecked, it is possible to salvage much of the furniture. In houses that have suffered direct hits, practically all has gone. The Queen is among those who have sent furniture and bedding to help those in the bombed area.

Photo, Central News

Those on Whom the Brunt of Air War Falls

August 15, 181 Nazi machines had been destroyed. Seven of Sunday's bag were shot down by A.A. gunners; out of the total, **131 were bombers.** The R.A.F. lost 25 fighters, but the pilots of twelve were saved. Since the raiding force had consisted of between 350 and 400 aircraft, the Nazis therefore lost about half of their number.

Top, a warden after hours of strenuous work is refreshed by a Salvation Army canteen. Circle, a child from a bombed Dockland home.

The R.A.F. went out to meet the enemy, brought many down over the Channel, harried them and broke up their formations. Over the coast our pilots destroyed more, and of the few that got through to London still others were shot down, falling at Victoria, Kennington, Herne Hill and Streatham on the south-eastern side of the Metropolis; one was brought down in Woolwich Arsenal.

A third attack was made on Buckingham Palace, where two time bombs fell during the midday raid. One of the dive-bombers concerned was shot to pieces in the air just after its missiles had fallen (see pages 309, 322 and 332). The Royal apartments were damaged by one bomb, but the second fell on to the lawn. Both were removed before they exploded. Incendiary bombs also fell in the Palace grounds and started grass fires.

One raider was shot down by the British steamer "Port Auckland" from the Thames; shells burst below the bomber and brought it crashing down on the river bank in flames. The first Nazi bomber to be brought down in London was the Dornier aircraft that had bombed Buckingham Palace and fell in the forecourt of Victoria Station. The pilot of the Hurricane that shot down the Nazi had to bale out of his damaged machine and landed in a Chelsea garden (see page 332). It was his first fight.

Sunday, September 15, saw the conclusion of a magnificent piece of work by the bomb disposal personnel and officials of the Gas Company, who saved St. Paul's from almost certain destruction. The full story of this heroic deed is told in page 326.

In Sunday night's raid three London hospitals were bombed. Attacks by small groups of bombers were made over a wide area, and the raiders in their game of hide and seek were favoured by the cloudy skies. After the "All Clear" at 5.35 a.m. there was a quiet spell of 4 hours. Monday's raids came at 9.59 and 10.55 a.m., at 12.12 p.m. and at 2.12—this last continuing until six o'clock in the evening. At 8.10 p.m. the night raids began again. A non-stop succession of attacks was made and the A.A. fire hardly diminished all night. Bombs fell in central London and in the east, north-east and southern suburbs. Most of the fighting took place above the clouds.

In the raids of Tuesday night (Sept. 17) several large stores in the West End were damaged, among the premises being those of Bourne & Hollingsworth, D. H. Evans and John Lewis. Employees and members of the public taking refuge in shelters beneath some of the buildings were unhurt. Attacks were also made on the Eastern and Southern residential districts, and many families rendered homeless by this Nazi barbarity. The Lambeth Walk was bombed in recent raids. Under the most severe test, in imminent danger most of the time, the Auxiliary Fire and other A.R.P. services did splendid work.

The Secretary for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, in a speech on Wednesday, Sept. 18, said that owing to raids by our R.A.F. the German armament production had fallen by 30 per cent. He also stated that the problem of intercepting the night bomber was being worked at, and he was "able to look forward to a time when the pleasure of night bombing over Britain . . . would cease to be attractive to Field-Marshal Goering."

GERMAN & BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

German to April 30, 1940

Total announced and estimated—West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 350

	German	British
May	1,990	258
June	276	177
July	245	115
Aug.*	1,110	310
Sept. 1-18	774	215
Totals, May to Sept. 18 ...	**4,395**	**1,075**

Daily Results, Sept. 1–18

	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
Sept.			
1	25	15	9
2	55	20	9
3	25	15	8
4	54	17	12
5	39	20	9
6	46	19	12
7	103	22	9
8	11	3	1
9	52	13	6
	410	144	75

	Bt. fwd.	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
Sept.		410	144	75
10		2	0	—
11		89	24	7
12		3	0	—
13		2	0	—
14		18	9	6
15		185	25	14
16		7	1	—
17		12	3	2
18		46	9	5
Totals		**774**	**215**	**109**

None of the figures include aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged as to be unlikely to reach home.

Additional German Losses. Sept. 11—4 shot down over Continent. Sept. 15—2 by Fleet Air Arm. Figures for Sept. 18 incomplete.

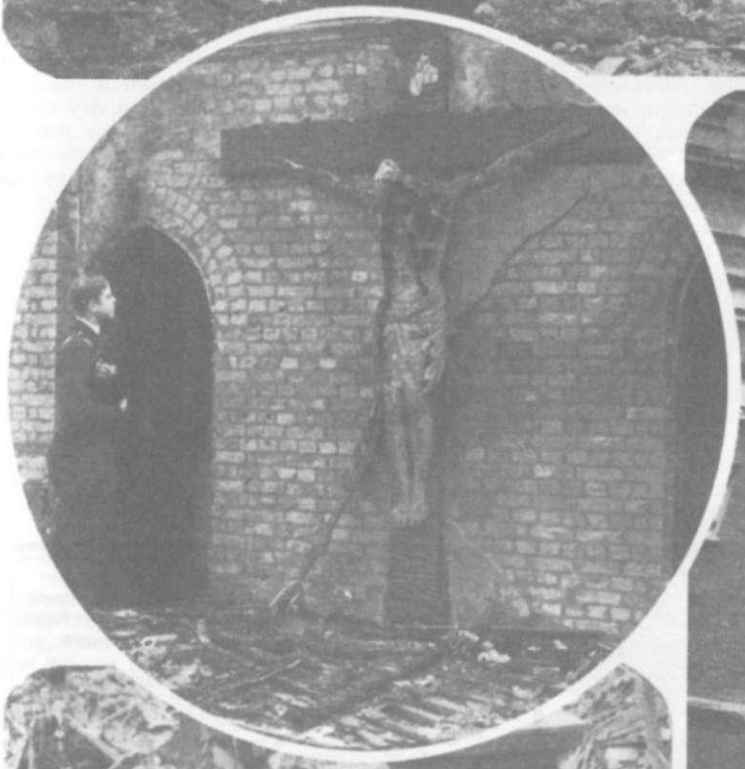
Mass Raid Casualties in London. Sept. 7: 306 killed; 1,337 injured. Sept. 8: 286 killed; about 1,400 injured. Sept. 9: about 400 killed, 1,400 injured.

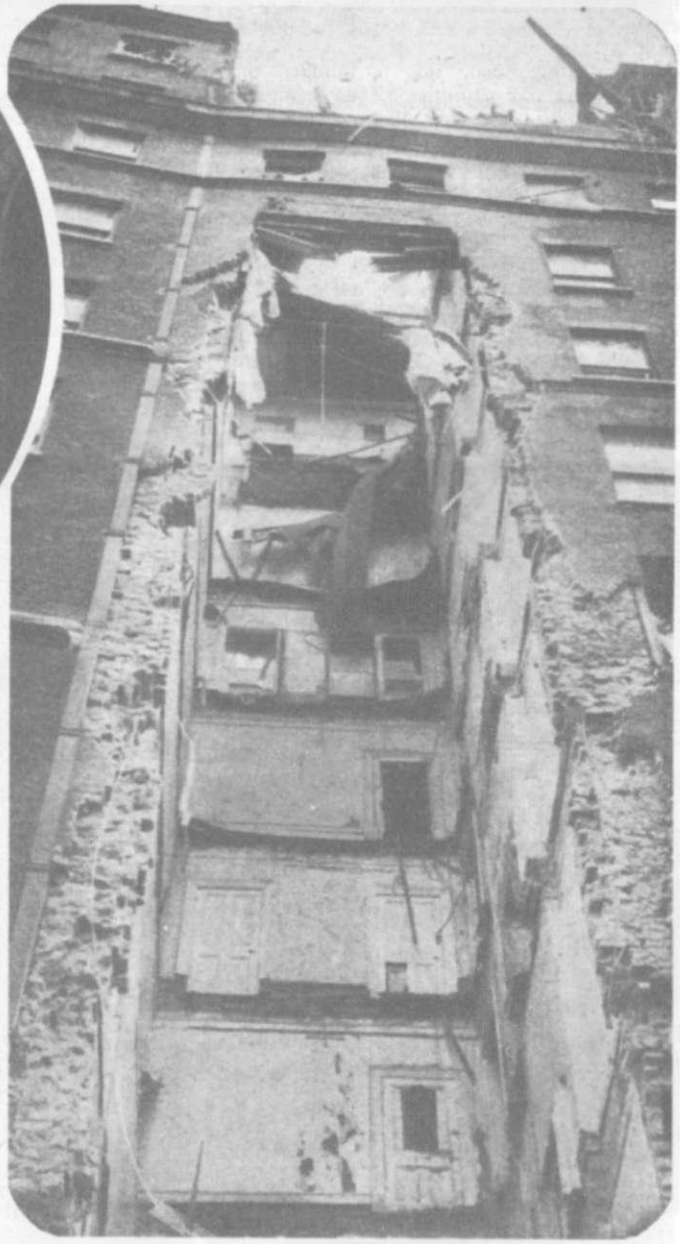
Mr. Churchill stated that during the first half of September civilian casualties amounted to about 2,000 killed and 8,000 wounded, about four-fifths being in London. In the fighting services casualties were only 250.

German Aircraft Destroyed in Britain. From September 3, 1939 to September 17, 1940 the German machines destroyed around and over Britain totalled **2,178.** In that time 553 British aircraft were lost, 259 pilots being saved.

Homeless people from East London (left), gained refuge in Tube stations of the Underground for the night, and though their quarters were none too comfortable, the knowledge of perfect safety many feet below the surface brought both sleep and smiles.

Scenes of Havoc in Streets of Inner London





Top, when a bomb fell in this London roadway, a tram was blown aside; the passengers had already taken shelter. Left centre, the church of Our Lady of Victories in Kensington was burnt out after an oil bomb had dropped through the roof. Bottom left, this letter-box was left standing amid the wreckage of houses in a south-east district; the postman is taking his morning collection. Bottom right, an extraordinary effect of a bomb explosion: a channel was driven through a block of single apartments to a height of six stories, yet the explosion left the roof undamaged.

Photos, Topical, L.N.A., Keystone and Fox

Berlin and the Barges are Bombed Again

While the Nazi raiders continued their "blitzkrieg" against London, the bombers of the R.A.F. carried the war into the enemy's territory by delivering yet more fierce attacks on Berlin and on the barges and other craft which, if reports speak true, were collected for the purpose of invading Britain.

THE authorities in Berlin were in a very bad temper on the morning of September 11, for the bombers of the R.A.F. had been over the German capital again—that R.A.F. which the Berliners had been told so often would never be allowed to darken their skies. And now they had been over again—and the Berliners were asking questions.

In the statement it issued for public consumption the German News Agency was more than usually communicative. "The British bombed non-military objectives in Berlin again," it said, "on Tuesday night. Aided by clear moonlight they dropped a great number of bombs on the centre of the city and the western residential area—in fact, they just missed the United States Embassy. Fires and explosions damaged offices, hotels, and public and private buildings. Roof fires were quickly extinguished, but a number of works of art and quantities of fine furniture were damaged. The walls of some buildings were seriously damaged. Blast caved in the sides of several houses, and as others were threatening to collapse whole blocks in the centre of the city had to be evacuated."

When the Berliners went to work in the morning they were stated to have seen some of the damage done in the night hours. One bomb had hit the great Brandenburg Gate, another had struck the Reichstag building, and the Victory Column in the centre of the Tiergarten—Berlin's Hyde Park—had also been hit. Bombs had struck the house of the Society of German Engineers and the Academy of Arts—despite the fact that, as the News Agency put it, representatives of all nations had enjoyed the hospitality of the one, while the other had held exhibitions of both German and international art.

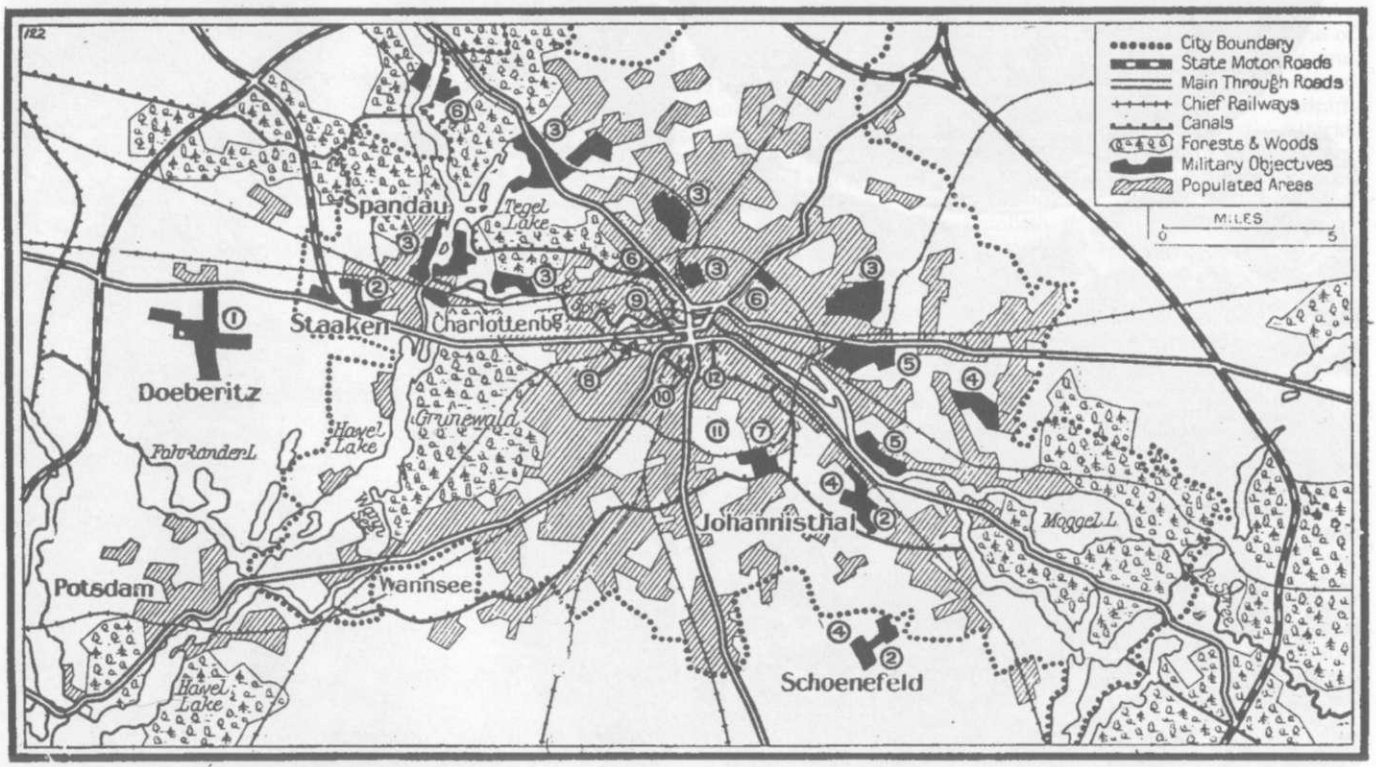
"This new attack on Berlin," concluded the statement, "reveals a definite plan to terrorize the civil population. The assassin Churchill has given the order to the R.A.F. to avoid all targets of military importance and to destroy as many monuments as possible. There can be only one answer to these cowardly crimes—the answer of the German Air Force."

In spite of their plaints the Nazis—whose headquarters are at Munich—would probably have preferred that the R.A.F. should make their long-distance attacks on Berlin rather than continue to concentrate the main force of their onslaught on the German industrial areas and those bases where for weeks past they have been accumulating the fleets which, so they hope and intend, will enable their armies of invasion to land on Britain's shores. Since the threat of invasion became acute Britain's bombers have given the Nazis no rest. Night after night, and in daytime as well, they have dropped thousands of tons of bombs on the harbour installations, shipbuilding yards, and dock basins of Hamburg and Bremen; they have inflicted tremendous damage on the railways of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, the junctions and the marshalling yards.

As for the bases on the "invasion coast" which stretches from Norway to France, there is not a port which has not been blasted time and again by the R.A.F. Now they are over Bergen when a flotilla of ships has been reported there; now it is Flushing and Ostend; now it is Boulogne and Calais, now Dunkirk or Le Havre, now Cherbourg or Brest which shivers beneath the avalanche of steel descending from the sky.

On Monday and Tuesday, September 16 and 17, one of the largest forces of British bombers so far used in the war was flung against the invasion bases on the other side of the Channel and wherever a concentration of barges was spotted by the air observers it was made the object of a tremendous bombardment. Great fires were started on the quays, and if, as was believed in some quarters, thousands of German troops had already gone on board the boats, the losses must have been very heavy.

Reports received in London show that the German plans for the invasion of Britain have been thrown into a state of chaos by our constant bombing. Although the Germans have been making the most strenuous endeavours to repair the damage done to their invasion organization, they are finding it increasingly difficult to counter the attacks of the R.A.F., who in the course of a single day's operations may bomb Berlin—the capital was heavily attacked again on the night of Sunday, September 15—and a number of Germany's most vital spots, while at the same time they inflict the most terrific losses on the German 'planes which ventured to engage in the Battle of London. No wonder the Nazi chiefs are riled!



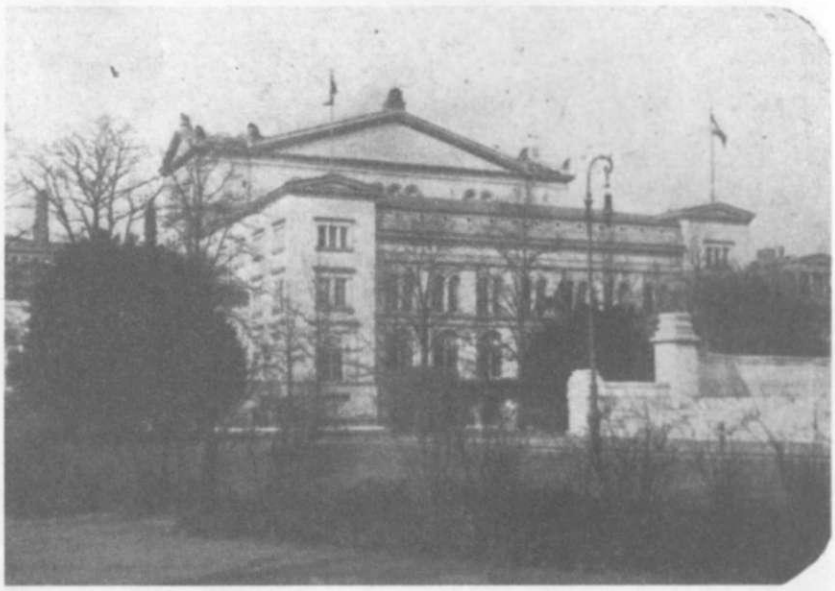
KEY TO MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN BERLIN

1.—Troop Centre. 2.—Air bases. 3.—Small arms and munition works. 4.—Aircraft Factories. 5.—Electrical Plants, etc. 6.—Gas Works. 7.—Telephone and wireless equipment works. 8.—Tiergarten. 9.—Reichstag. 10.—Hitler's Chancellery. 11.—Tempelhof (air port). 12.—Unter den Linden

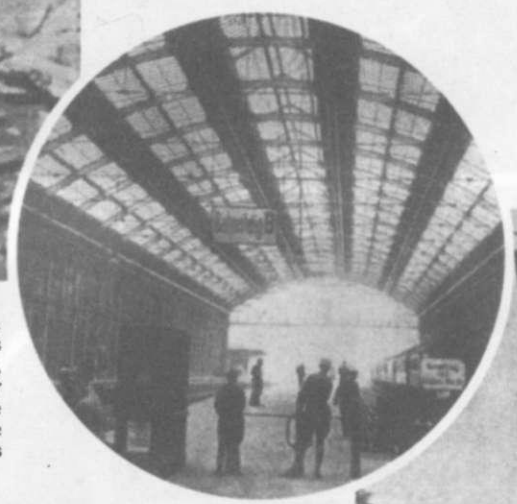
When the R.A.F. bomb Berlin they do so not merely out of a determination to exact reprisals for the Nazi raids on London, but because in the German capital there are many objectives which are ranked most definitely as military. Some of the most outstanding of these are indicated on this map.

By courtesy of the "Evening Standard"

R.A.F. Strike at the Heart of Nazi Berlin



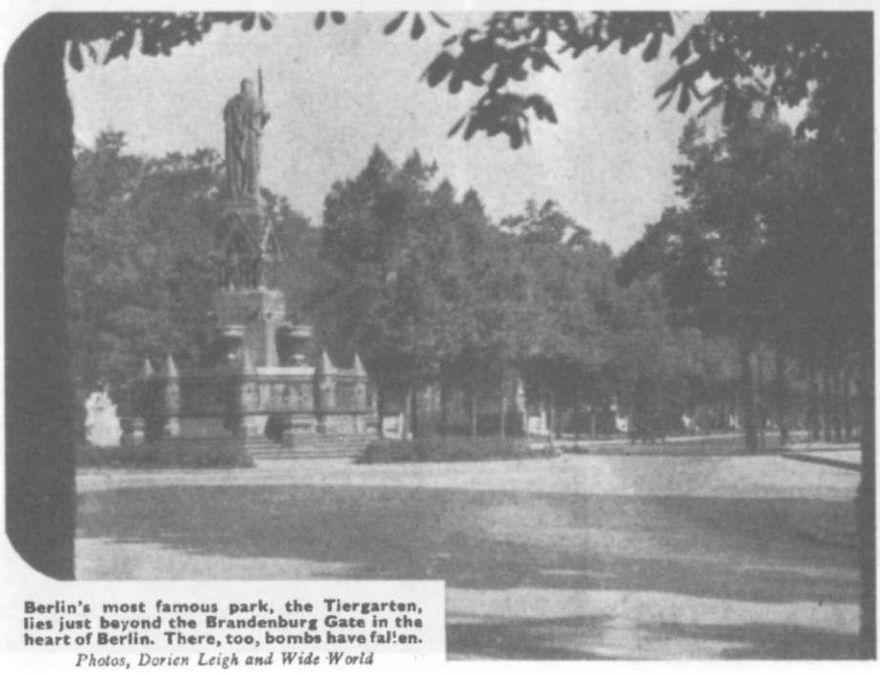
The Nazis have been reticent about the damage done in Berlin, but left is a photograph of one of the chief streets of the city after a visit from the R.A.F. Above is the Kroll Opera House, which is stated to have received a direct hit.



In circle is Potsdam station, close to the famous Palace, 16 miles from Berlin. It was struck by both incendiary and high explosive bombs on September 10. The great Brandenburger Tor (below), which stands at the top of Unter den Linden, Berlin's most famous street, was hit during a raid.

Photos, Keystone and E.N.A.

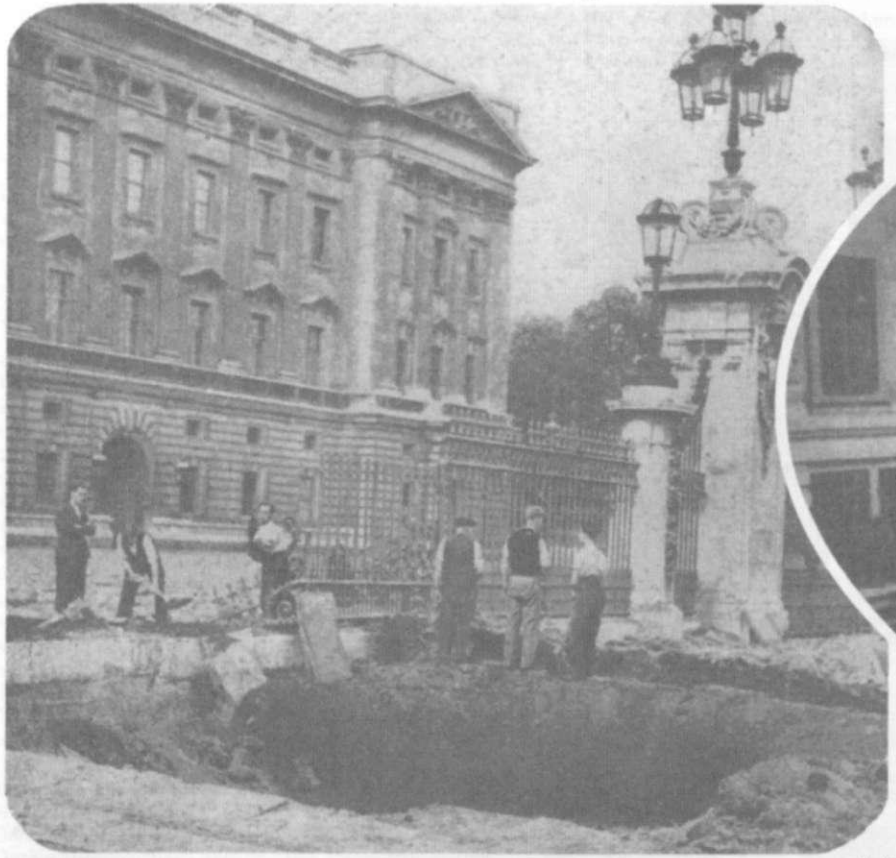
IN the early days of the war 'planes of the R.A.F. constantly flew over Berlin loosing pamphlets and gaining a useful knowledge of the lie of the city, which they have since put to good use in more deadly work. Bombs were dropped on the Nazi capital for the first time on August 25, and since then warnings have sent Berliners to their shelters for two or three hours almost every night, sometimes twice in a night.

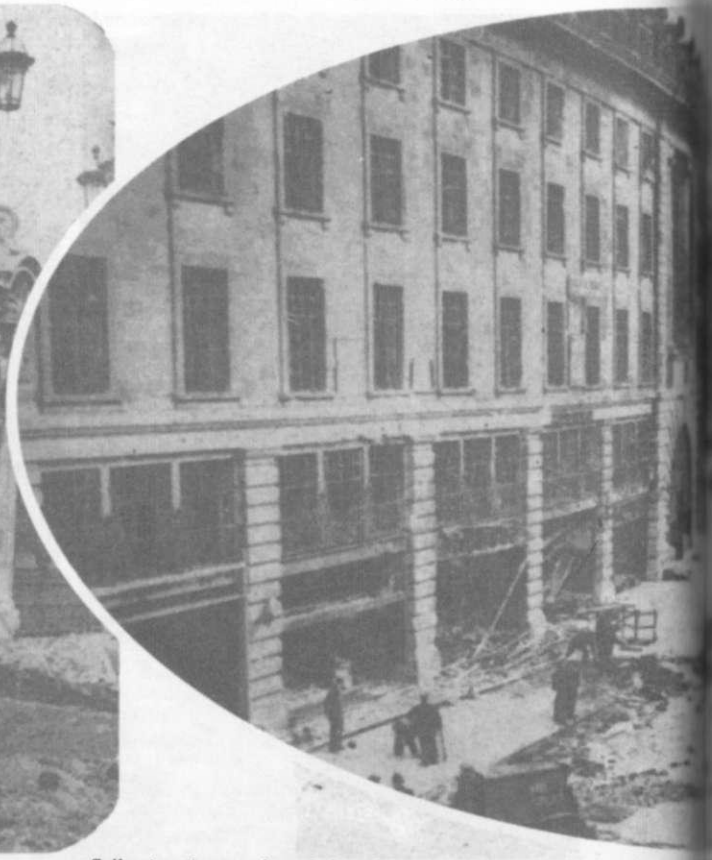


Berlin's most famous park, the Tiergarten, lies just beyond the Brandenburg Gate in the heart of Berlin. There, too, bombs have fallen.

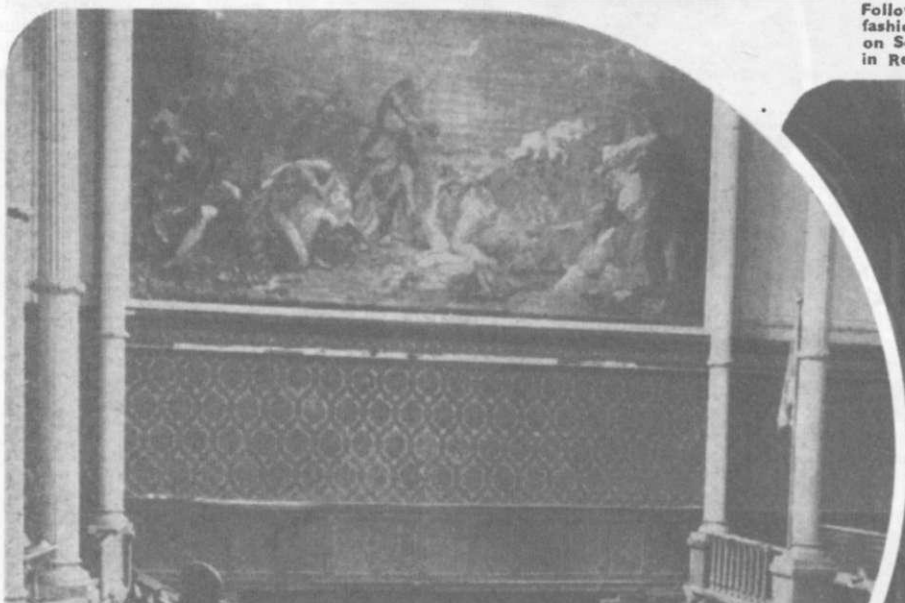
Photos, Dorien Leigh and Wide World

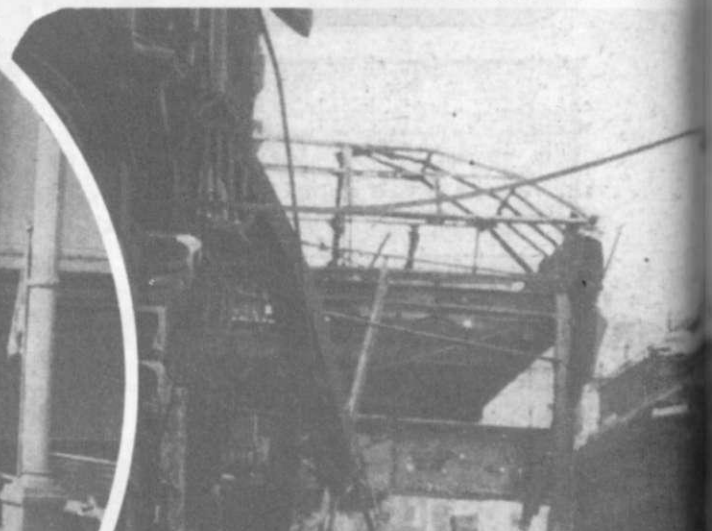
Palace and Hospital and Famous Shops—Some of the London Lan



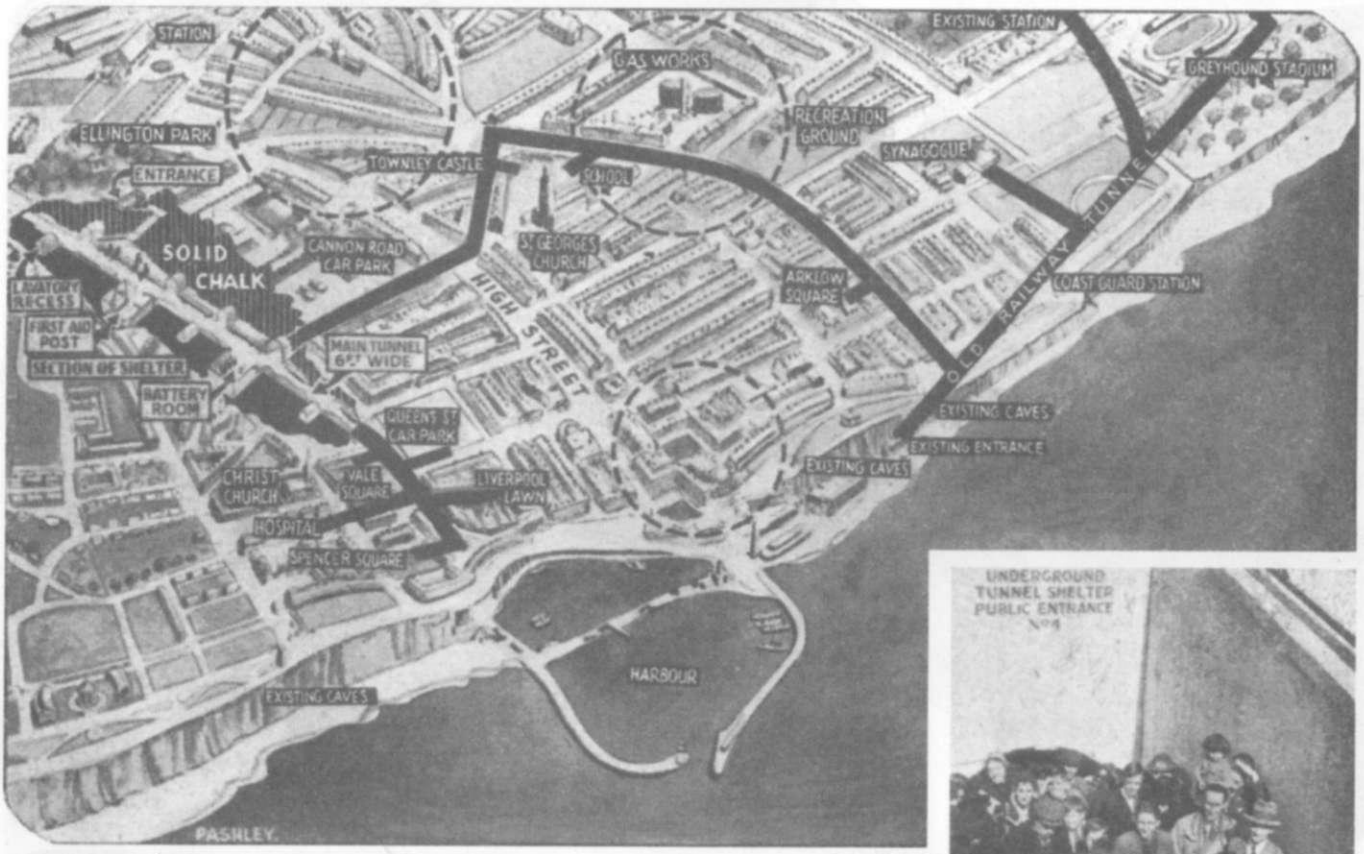


Following the opening of the "blitzkrieg" against London on Se[illegible], Hitler's airmen seemed to aim their bombs in the mo[illegible] fashion against the famous buildings, the hospitals and other land m[illegible] the metropolis. Buckingham Palace was an early victim, b[illegible] on September 10, 13, 14 and 15; on the left workmen are clearing [illegible] debris after a bomb had fallen in front on the 14th. Above [illegible] in Regent Street after a time-bomb had exploded in this world-[illegible] thoroughfare. Burlington Arcade (right) also sustained





Ramsgate Has The World's Finest Shelters



This is one of the many entrances to the tunnels with people leaving them after a raid.

RAMSGATE, a pleasure resort and fishing port without any fortifications whatever, felt the full blast of the "blitzkrieg" while London was still untouched, and over 1,000 houses in the town have been destroyed (see page 237). Yet despite this, the loss of life has been comparatively small, thanks to the magnificent system of shelters designed by the borough engineer and surveyor, Mr. R. D. Brimmell. Ramsgate is built on chalk which is easily excavated and the tunnels cut through it need no lining. They lie about 60 feet below the surface and have a total length of four miles. A portion of this length consists of the disused tunnel through which the railway ran to the old Ramsgate Sands station until a new station was built at the back of the town. There are 22 entrances and from every part of the town one can be reached in five minutes. Owing to the formation of the land, no artificial ventilation is needed, for a natural current of air passes through the galleries. The scheme, once derided for its somewhat high cost, has been completely successful. In the picture map the run of the tunnels is seen. The large dotted circles indicate parts of the town most damaged.

Map-diagram by courtesy of the "News Chronicle"; photos, Wide World and Associated Press

Left, is one of the main streets of the town after a warning has sounded. Practically all the townsfolk are in the shelters and the traffic policeman has gone about other duties in his tin hat, leaving his helmet behind him. Centre is one of the galleries while it was under construction. Right is one of the entrances to the galleries in the higher part of the town (see also page 259).

London Hospitals Make Fine Objectives!

One of the three hospitals hit by German bombs on the night of September 9-10 was a children's hospital. Left, a small child is being moved to a place of safety. Above is a damaged ward of the hospital.

Above is a London hospital after the raid of September 10; it had already been evacuated. Right, a nurse of the children's hospital is shown fragments of the bomb that did the damage. Centre is one of the patients of a maternity hospital with her baby, born just before the hospital was bombed on September 9-10.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Keystone, Graphic Photo Union, Planet News

Let Us Honour the Men Who Saved St. Paul's

The bomb fell at an angle, and all the time that it was in the ground slipped through the clay ever nearer to the foundations of the Cathedral. The excavators of the Bomb Disposal Section had to dig down 27 ft. 6 ins. before they found it.

Taken at speed to Hackney Marshes in a lorry driven by Lt. Davies, the bomb was there exploded. Here is the crater 100 ft. wide that it made there—and not on Ludgate Hill!

FOR four days St. Paul's Cathedral was in most terrible danger. In the course of the German air-raid on the night of September 11 a huge time-bomb—it proved to be a ton in weight and was about 8 ft. in length—was dropped in the roadway of Dean's Yard, close to the west end of the Cathedral. It was stated to be fitted with fuses that made it dangerous to touch. Members of the Bomb Disposal Section were soon on the scene and they worked without a break, faced first by fire from a broken gas main, and all the time by the most imminent danger of being blown to pieces, until the evening of September 15, when with the aid of two lorries joined in tandem they succeeded in dragging the bomb from its bed of clay.

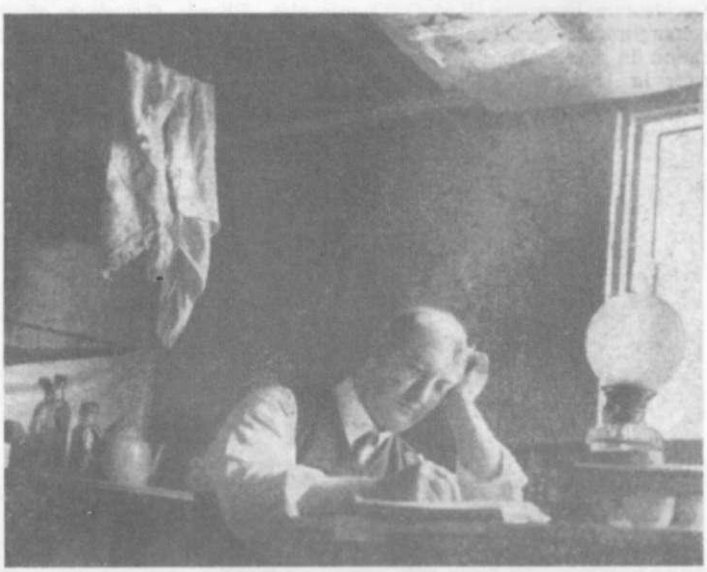
Then the deadly missile was placed on a lorry and driven at top speed through streets, cleared by the police (owing to the great risk of its explosion) of all passers-by, to Hackney Marshes, where it was safely exploded, as seen in the photograph at the top of the page. At the next service held in the Cathedral there was a prayer of thanksgiving for "those men who performed a feat of outstanding heroism and skill yet regarded it as their job."

Here are the heroes who saved St. Paul's actually at work on the job. They are members of the Bomb Disposal Section, and looking down the hole they have dug is Lieut. R. Davies, their commander.

Photos, G.P.U.

Their Eyes Are Vital to R.A.F. and A.A. Guns Alike

Two men of the Observer Corps, left, are on duty. The spotter follows enemy 'planes with his binoculars, while the plotter sits beside him with an instrument that enables him to ascertain the height of the invader and the direction of his flight.



The chief observer is here seen at work. He has had long experience, and there is nothing about the recognition of enemy aircraft that he does not know. Among those who serve with him are farmers, gardeners, and a builder, while the chief is the postmaster of a neighbouring village. An officer of the R.A.F. said "their work is simply vital to us."

WHEN the sirens sound and the people go to their shelters, they little know that they owe this life-saving chance to the Observer Corps. These are the men who man the listening posts dotted throughout the countryside and no enemy raider can cross the coast without being detected by these invaluable volunteers. They are civilians of all ages and classes and their only uniform is blue dungarees and an armlet.

The shifts vary in length, and the least popular—especially in wintertime!—is that from 2 a.m. until 8 a.m. Full time observers are paid £3 a week, but all the part-time observers at this post and many others get 1s. 3d. an hour.

Here is a general view of the observation post in which the observer and plotter are at work. It stands in open country in the south-east of England and is manned by 18 men, none of whom has had less than four years' training, while a few have been in the Observer Corps since 1922.

Photos, "News Chronicle" staff photographer, F. G. Kirby; exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Hope For France Springs Anew in Africa

While Metropolitan France groans beneath the yoke of the conqueror, in the French Empire, particularly in Africa, there are signs of an increasing restiveness. This article discusses the attitude towards their colonies adopted by the French people in peace-time, and now in time of war.

WHEN France is defeated on the Continent she turns to Africa. So it was after the crash of Napoleon's empire; fifteen years after Waterloo a French army occupied Algiers and gradually brought the whole of the Bey's country under submission, and in the 1850s the French extended their hold on Senegal from the coast where their settlers had been established since early in the 17th century to far inland in the direction of the Niger, thus laying the foundations of the vast "Afrique Equatoriale Française" (A.E.F.) of today. At the same time "Afrique Occidentale Française" (A.O.F.) was also coming into being. The first French colonization in West Africa was on the Gabun river in 1841, and Libreville, the present capital, was founded in 1849.

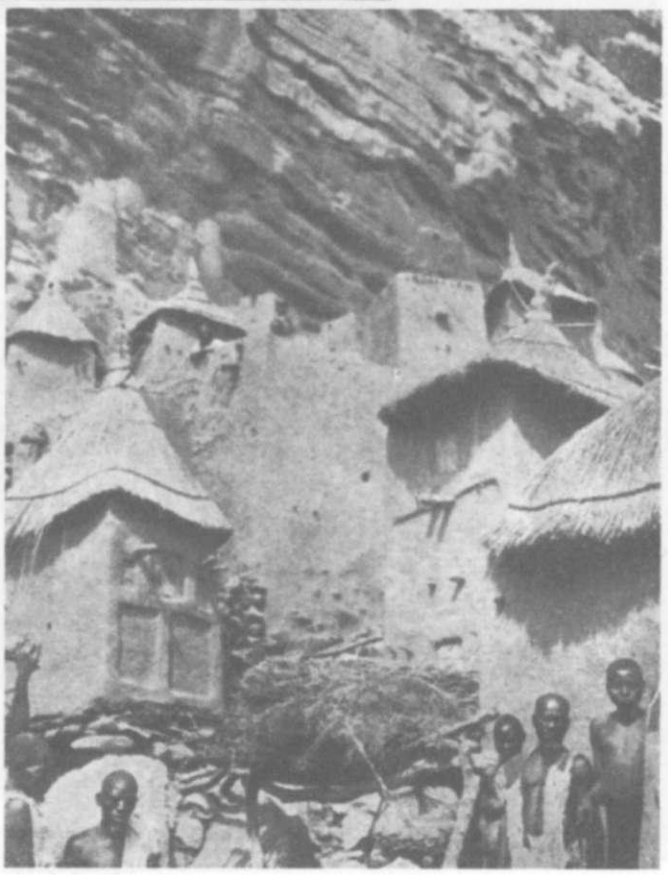
It was at Dakar, left, chief port of French West Africa, that France's finest battleship, the "Richelieu," took refuge after the French surrender. On July 8 Lieut.-Commander R. H. Bristowe, R.N., with the most intrepid gallantry entered the harbour and completely disabled the great French ship with depth charges.

Photo, Fox

After the disaster of Sedan in 1870 a similar trend was manifest when successive French governments strove to build up a huge empire in the heart of Africa. They embarked on a race for territory with Britain and Germany, in particular striving to reach across the Congo to the headwaters of the Nile. In this they were unsuccessful, for when Major Marchand, crossing the Sahara from the Niger, reached Fashoda on the Upper Nile, in 1898, he was warned off by Lord Kitchener, who had just completed his conquest of the Sudan by defeating the Dervishes at Omdurman. Meanwhile, in North Africa, France's empire was growing apace; a protectorate was established over Tunis in 1881, and in 1912 over a very large part of Morocco.

After a century of imperial expansion France's empire in Africa extended right across the Sahara from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Guinea. In the north are what used to be called the Barbary States—Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis; in the west, A.O.F. comprises Dahomey, French Guinea, French Sudan, the Ivory Coast, Mauretania, Niger, Senegal, and the mandate of Togoland; while in A.E.F. there are the territory of the Chad, Gabun, Middle Congo, and Ubangi-Shari. A.E.F. has an area of nearly a million square miles and is inhabited by some three million natives; A.O.F., with nearly two million square miles, has a population of 15 million natives.

Now in 1940 France is turning once again to Africa, but this time it is not a question of incorporating further territory in the French Empire, but of the French Empire showing the way to Metropolitan France. It was in French Equatorial Africa that the first signs of revolt against the defeatist policy of the Vichy Government were first made manifest, when on August 27 M. Eboué, Governor of the Chad, declared his allegiance to General de Gaulle, leader of the Free France movement in London. In a few days the whole of French Equatorial Africa had followed his lead.



One of the strangest peoples in the French Empire is the Habbé tribe of negroes who dwell in the gorges of Bandiagara Falaise, 180 miles south of Timbuctoo, in French West Africa. Right are some villagers who dwell in thatched mud-houses, though many are still troglodytes living in caves cut in the cliffs.

Photo, Wide World

Perhaps it is a little strange that the first blow for liberty in France overseas should be struck in a region which has received but little attention from the French Colonial Office. For the most part French energies and French money have been expended in Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco, whether it be in public works, as in the case of Algeria and Tunis, or in war against the native tribes—the Riff in particular—in the case of Morocco. The name of France's most eminent and most successful colonial administrator, Marshal Lyautey, is associated with North Africa, and his period of office as Resident-General in Morocco, from 1917 to 1925, was particularly noteworthy. Algeria, indeed, has been developed to such an extent that it is not regarded as a colony but as almost an integral part of France; until the collapse last summer of the parliamentary regime it was represented by deputies and senators in Paris.

But the French are not a colonizing people like the Portuguese or the Spaniards, the Dutch or ourselves. They do not like emigrating, and if their financial careers or economic necessity required them to pass long years abroad, they are constantly buoyed up by the hope of spending their declining years in Paris or the province which gave them birth.

Taken as a whole, the French people tend

Central Africa Sounds Revolt Against Vichy

The Moroccan troops are among the finest in the French colonial army, and above is a typical private, proud of his uniform and his medals. He was photographed at a ceremonial parade.

In the history of France's colonial administration there have been innumerable scandals, and the treatment of the natives has often left much to be desired.

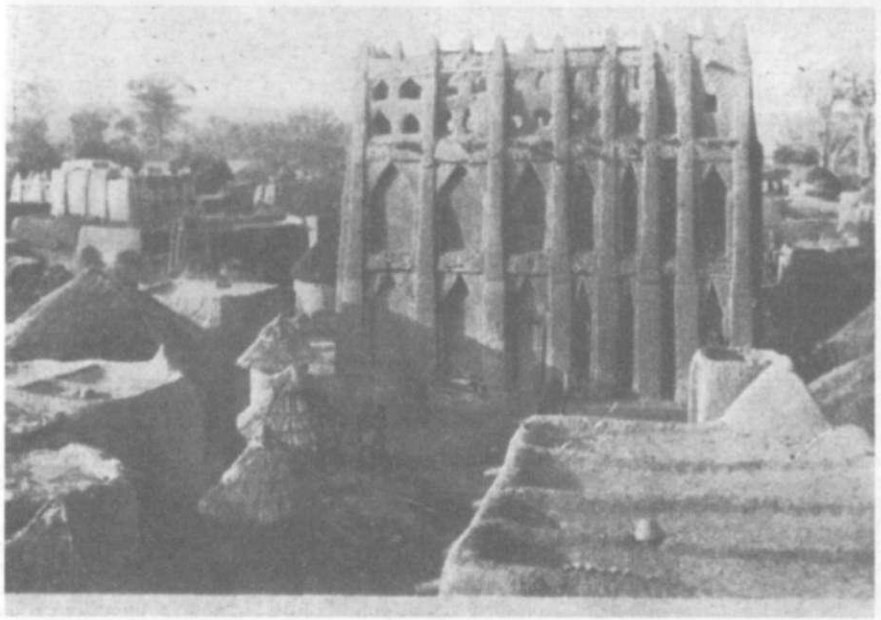
If the vast empire built up in Africa has been retained and maintained, it is because on the one hand France was jealous of the rival imperialisms of Britain and Germany, while on the other the spokesmen for the colonies could point to their vast economic resources and also to their usefulness as a reservoir for native soldiers.

Since the Great War, when France was "bled white," as the saying goes, at Verdun, she has come to rely more and more upon the black man in her ranks, and this in spite of the estimate that the fighting value of one French soldier is approximately that of ten Moroccan or Senegalese. This may be as may be, and it is only right to state that native troops, provided that they are well-officered and properly equipped, have proved their value time and again in many a hard-fought field in colonial wars.

But the importance of the revolt against the policy of Pétain in the French Empire has little to do with the value of the natives as fighting men. The accession of French Equatorial Africa and the adjoining mandated area of the Cameroons to General de Gaulle's Free France movement gives to Britain and her allies a broad belt of country stretching right across Africa from the Atlantic to Kenya, with cross communications (particularly by air) east by west, and so barring the road to an enemy advancing from the north. The gain, militarily speaking, is slight, because the French colonies were but lightly garrisoned. But strategically we cannot but profit immensely by the change in Central Africa from potential hostility to co-operation and alliance.

to regard "their" colonies with hostility, or at least indifference; they appear to be a nuisance which has arisen out of the misguided efforts of colonial administrators who had an urge for expansion, or who wanted to rival the territory-grabbing exploits of a predecessor or colleague in another part of the empire. The more Radical and Socialist they are in their opinions, the more the French dislike their colonial possessions and resent the fact that they have been foisted upon them—territories which have to be defended at the cost of blood and treasure, territories which constitute a constant temptation to shady financiers, company directors and exploiters of the natives and the natural resources.

These picturesque uniforms are those of another fine Moroccan regiment, one of whose duties is to guard the desert route. Moroccan soldiers fought with valour in France.



Though small judged by the number of inhabitants, Koroko is one of the most important towns of the Ivory Coast which forms part of French West Africa. As the photograph above shows, its architectural style is primitive, yet the builders in mud have ambitious ideas, as the chief's house in the centre proves. All big buildings, such as mosques and markets, have much the same architectural features. *Photos, René Zuber, "Match," and Wide World*

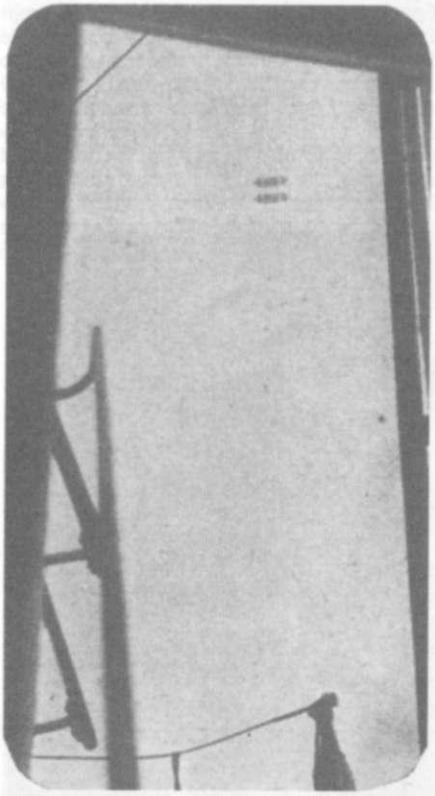
Still greater would be the gain if French North Africa follows the same road. Only because their western flank has been secured by France's defection have the Italians dared to make their thrust eastward against Egypt. If that flank is reconstituted, then Marshal Graziani will have to take measures to secure his rear against an attack by Franco-British forces operating from Tunis and supported, thanks to Britain's control of the Mediterranean, from the sea.

This being so, we can well understand the haste with which the Vichy government despatched General Weygand to "stop the rot" in North Africa. If Tunis and Algeria, Morocco and West Africa, follow the brave lead of Governor Eboué, then the defeatists whose plaint is that France is hopelessly beaten and so must obey every order issued by the Nazis, will be placed in an increasingly difficult, even finally impossible position.

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Balloons and Kites Do Their Bit

THE enemy hates our balloon barrage, and with good reason. No dive-bombing attack can be made within an area protected by balloons. Moreover, although their function is primarily preventive, they have also brought down a number of enemy machines, such as the Heinkel which crashed in Wales on September 13, after colliding with a balloon stated to be of a new design which can be flown very high. The raiders are indignant at this impediment to their activities and have



Box kites flying at great height are one of the devices used by convoys against low-flying Nazi bombers. Here one of them is seen from a Naval escort vessel in the Channel.
Photo, Sport & General

deliberately attacked them with machine-gun fire. Still less do they like the kites which, together with balloons, are now being used to protect convoys, and which played their part recently when an attacked convoy was got through the Straits of Dover without suffering loss. The box kite is small, and as the wire to which it is attached sways from one angle to another with every air current, the Nazi airman finds it impossible to estimate in which direction this cable will be stretching when he would like to swoop over the convoy.

Italian Leaflets Derided By Arabs

WHEN, on September 9, Italian raiders passed over Jaffa on their way to bomb Tel Aviv, leaflets were dropped over the town. It was evidently hoped that these would impress the Arabs with the invincibility of Italian arms, but they have merely caused amusement and derision. The translation reads: "Arabs of Palestine—The British have been driven from Somaliland by Italian forces, who are now advancing through Kenya to Egypt. Italians are masters of the skies over Malta and Gibraltar, and the rulers of the Mediterranean. Petrol stores at Haifa, stolen from you by the British, which you tried vainly to retrieve by destroying the pipeline, have now been destroyed by Italian bombs. If the British are defeated in Palestine you will recover the ownership and freedom of your land with the assistance of the Italians."

The irony of this appeal is not lost upon the Arabs, who know as well as anyone that the British Fleet still controls the Mediterranean, and that the Italian Navy is apt to consider discretion the better part of valour, and to make full speed for its home ports whenever the opportunity arises for an engagement with its opponents.

Veteran Skipper Defies Nazis

NAVAL officers are of the opinion—and who should judge better?—that not enough is known of the bravery, devotion to duty and resource shown by the crews of the small coastal craft of the Merchant Service. Their only armament, as a rule, is a machine-gun, and with this they resist attack by bomber or U-boat. Here is a tale of how one of these heroic little boats defied an enemy raider. It was in the Thames Estuary on her way to London that this tiny collier was attacked by Nazi 'planes. One well-aimed bomb fell into a hold and penetrated right through the bottom of the vessel. But the 70-year-old skipper and his crew scorned to take to their single boat. Instead, they succeeded in beaching the craft just as she was on the point of sinking. There, between tides, temporary repairs were made. The little craft was then floated off and proceeded on her way, discharging her cargo in London port according to instructions. Further repairs were then effected, after which the skipper and his devoted crew immediately left for a northern port to continue this business of coal transport which they had carried on for nearly a year. It is good to know that this splendid veteran of the Merchant Service has been awarded the O.B.E., Civil Division.

King and Queen in A.R.P. Shelter

KING GEORGE and Queen Elizabeth, whose own home has suffered badly from German bombs, have made several tours to inspect the damage done in recent air raids in the East End and the outer suburbs, and to offer their sympathy to the people who had lost their relatives and homes. In the course of one of these, their Majesties, who were accompanied by Sir John Anderson, Minister of Home Security, took shelter beneath a police station when the sirens gave warning. Here were already gathered court officials, policemen, some A.R.P. workers, and the canteen staff. One of the latter prepared tea and the Royal visitors had a cup before continuing their tour after the sounding of the "All Clear."

Our Tough Railwaymen

WE have already recorded an act of courage and resource on the part of two railway workers (see page 278). Here is another story, again showing how they disregard their own safety when the good of the community is involved. The train service somewhere in the South of England was temporarily suspended because an unexploded bomb had fallen a short distance away from a main line signal box. Experts pronounced that the bomb could not be immediately disposed of, so it was decided to shunt thirty high-sided wagons loaded with coal on to the up line to serve as a screen for the down line, which could then be used for single-line traffic. This was done, and then, without a second thought, volunteers came forward and worked twenty-four important freight, newspaper, and fish trains past the danger spot before the bomb was removed by the Bomb Disposal Section.

Holland in London

PROFESSOR P. S. GERBRANDY, who has succeeded Jonkheer de Geer as Prime Minister of Holland, has stated that a Netherlands National Institute is to be established in London for "making known the intentions and the opinion of free Netherlanders, not only in Europe, but in the whole world, especially the Far East and the United States." It is understood that one of the first activities of the institute will be to organize an exhibition of modern Dutch art. The first Netherlands "Day of Freedom" was inaugurated on Sept. 17, when Queen Wilhelmina received a loyal address from her free subjects and expressed her unfaltering determination to lead the rest of her people back to freedom.

Nazis' Bill of Occupation

AS from June 25, France has to pay to Germany 20 million Reichsmarks a day for the upkeep of the army of occupation. The French Official Gazette, in making this statement on September 14, announced that a convention had been signed between the French Government and the Bank of France, by which the latter will advance to the State the sum of fifty thousand million francs for this purpose.

The Water-Bus At Last

ON September 13, with none of the ceremony that was surely its due, a river service on the Thames between Westminster Bridge and Woolwich was inaugurated by the Ministry of Transport, which hopes in this way to relieve congestion on the land routes to and from the City. The boats, which were well filled, hold round about 200 people. The complete journey, for which the fare is

River steamers which once plied up-stream from Westminster, have now been transferred to the London Passenger Transport Board, and, plying between Westminster and Woolwich, give Londoners an alternative route to work.
Photo, L.N.A.

9d. return, takes between one and two hours, with intermediate stops at the piers at the Tower, Cherry Gardens (Bermondsey), Tunnel (Wapping), West India Dock, Greenwich, and Brunswick, for East India Dock. London bus conductors collected their fares and then sat and surveyed the Capital from this novel viewpoint. Just as, almost unnoticed after the clamour of years, women were given the vote during the first Great War, so, during the second, Mr. A. P. Herbert sees one of the desires of his heart unexpectedly fulfilled.

We Dug for Eight Hours to Rescue a Girl

Among the A.R.P. services none does more heroic work than the demolition and rescue squads. One such party who tunnelled their way for eight hours into the debris of a London house found fourteen-year-old Mildred Castillo alive after four days. Their rescue of the girl is described by one of the party, Mr. George Woodward.

THE men who volunteered to tunnel their way into the debris of a house which had been bombed on Monday, September 9, were George Woodward, Wally Capon, and G. W. Pitman, and Mr. George Woodward afterwards said:

On Thursday, September 12, while removing the debris, I heard a voice say "Mama." I thought I was dreaming, because none of us ever anticipated finding anyone alive after being buried under such a great mass of wreckage for four days.

It gave me such a shock that I went for a little walk to steady my nerves. Then I went back to the other side and found a doorway full of debris. Again I heard the voice say "Mama," I was convinced, and I shouted. I got out some more debris and shouted again: "Who's there?" The voice replied: "Mildred." I called "All right, my dear, I'll soon be with you."

The three of us then began to make a tunnel with our hands, pulling at the debris. We had to remove it very gently because there was a danger that tons of it might slip. The whole of the ten men in Squad Two began working strenuously to get the wreckage out of our way.

Finally Capon, Pitman and I decided to take a chance, made a small hole, and one after another crawled into it, making it into a tunnel as we went. It was only big enough for us to lie flat on our tummies. We came to a wall and had to turn along it, and often as we pulled struts away earth fell in.

In time our tunnel was between 20 and 30 feet long and of a zig-zag formation, only big enough for us to squeeze through. After we had been at it 3½ hours we reached the girl's head, which, with one of her hands, was in a little cavity formed by a protecting beam.

We passed her a rubber tube and poured glucose tea through it. Then Pitman gave her biscuits. She kept on asking for water, and eventually a doctor who was outside told us she could have some.

Then we started to clear her body up to the waist. We scraped away with our hands to free one leg at a time, continually passing the earth or pieces of debris between our legs to the one behind.

When we got the little girl free Capon lay on his face and told her to put her hands round his neck. Pitman clasped his hands over hers to keep them secure in their hold. Then all three of us wriggled backwards, pulling the girl and each other. After eight hours in the tunnel all four of us reached the open air.

Though the three of us worked in the tunnel we would not have succeeded but for the wonderful cooperation of all the Chelsea rescue squads.

The girl was marvellous. We sang to cheer her up and she tried to sing, too. We gave her a torch and she held it and moved it about to help us. She kissed us all when we finally reached her. She was conscious all the time we were working, and never cried. ("*News Chronicle.*")

Looking at this tangled ruin that was once a house in a district of south-west London it might well seem impossible that any human being could still be alive after the German bomb had sent it crashing down. Yet, as is told in this page, a girl, Mildred Castillo, did live beneath the load of broken timbers and smashed rubble—lived for four days, and was still alive and conscious when she was finally rescued. Her mother and brother were killed. This photograph shows the A.R.P. demolition squad who, spurred on by Mildred's faint cries, pushed through the debris. *Photo, G.P.U.*

I WAS THERE!

The German raiders who bombed Buckingham Palace and other London landmarks on Sunday, September 15, achieved some success—but only by paying a terrible price. Several of the Nazi bombers were shot to pieces in the air, and here we see the broken wing of a Dornier which crashed on a rooftop high above a street in the Victoria area. See also illustrations, pages 309 & 322.

What We Saw of the Victoria Bomber

After a week of intensive air raids, Londoners were cheered on Sunday, September 15, to see German bombers falling in the streets. The following eye-witness accounts of this thrilling morning were broadcast by Robin Duff and Edward Ward of the B.B.C., and we give, too, the story of the British pilot who brought the 'plane down.

A MEMBER of the B.B.C. staff, Robin Duff, said in his broadcast:

When I heard the drone of 'planes fighting that Sunday morning I rushed out of my flat in my pyjamas, and there in the sky I saw a Dornier 17 swooping down over St. George's Hospital, near Buckingham Palace. It was followed by a Spitfire. A few seconds later there was a great explosion in the air, and the German 'plane broke into pieces. As far as I could see only one of the crew baled out, and his parachute was already badly damaged by the explosion. The rest of the crew presumably had already been killed.

I have often seen German 'planes crashing to earth, but this was the first time that I had seen one smash up completely in the air. The engine and the bulk of the machine crashed into the forecourt of Victoria Station.

Some way farther down the road, on top of a house, came the tail of the machine. As for one wing, it fell just outside a public house, which must have been anything up to half a mile away. As I got near this pub—not in my pyjamas any longer—I heard an absolute babel of voices. I went in and found everybody talking at the tops of their voices, absolutely thrilled at what they had seen.

They had been through a good deal, these people, and the great anti-aircraft barrage that we had heard during the past few nights had already put new heart into them, but that battered wing of a Dornier, lying in the street, encouraged them more than anything else in the world could do.

Another member of the B.B.C. staff, Edward Ward, said:

Just after mid-day on Sunday, September 15, one Hurricane brought down three German bombers over London. I was lucky enough to see part of the engagement.

Just after the alarm sounded I could hear the drone of several German bombers. Soon bombs began to fall, some of them rather uncomfortably near. And then came a terrific rattle of machine-gun fire. I looked up in time to see one of our fighters weaving about among the bombers just under the clouds. Suddenly there was a terrific crash in the air as the Hurricane's guns found the bomb racks of one of the Germans. The German seemed just to disintegrate in the air. Two big pieces—the engines of the 'plane—hurtled down to earth, and bits and pieces floated down after them.

Soon after the German was hit there was a terrific screaming roar as a 'plane came hurtling down. At first I thought it was a dive bomber, but the crash told how the machine had hit the ground. It was the Hurricane, but the pilot, as it turned out, was safe. . . .

By the time I reached the spot where the Hurricane had crashed, there wasn't much to see; just a heap of tangled aluminium on the pavement, and a hole in the road from which you could see the back part of the engine sticking out, but there was still less to be seen of the German bomber, a part of which had fallen about a quarter of a mile farther on.

The Pilot's Story

And here is the story told by the pilot who brought the 'plane down at Victoria Station. He is a Sergeant Pilot from West Kirby, in Cheshire, and it was his first fight. After he had shot down the enemy machine he had to jump by parachute. He said:

I was in the last section of my Squadron, and my Dornier victim took all that I had to give him. Bits flew off him and I broke away intending to turn and attack again. My windscreen was covered with black oil, and when I did attack again I think it must have been a different machine. Anyway, as soon as I fired a big flame shot up, and I must have got his petrol tanks.

I broke away again, and turned to make a head-on attack on another Dornier, firing a burst straight into its cockpit. At first I thought a piece of the Dornier had flown off, but then I saw it was a German baling out. I passed so near that I believe I touched the parachute.

As I made my final attack, my right wing struck something. I went into a terrific spin. There was no response from my controls.

I flung the hood back and struggled to get out. I must have been doing well over 400 m.p.h. when I finally got out of the cockpit. The wind was so strong it was like a piece of an airplane hitting me. People on the ground told me later that my parachute opened at only three hundred feet.

I spun across a house in Chelsea, got my feet down on a gutter, slid down the roof, and fell into the garden on my back. Then two girls came up to me, and I was so glad to see them that I kissed them both.

Like Soldiers My Children Stood on Deck

Hardly had a "mercy ship" carrying children to Canada left British shores in late August when a German submarine without shadow of excuse, torpedoed her. How magnificently the children met their adventure is told by a schoolmaster in charge.

THE children who were on the torpedoed ship were drawn from all parts of Great Britain and were being evacuated to Canada under the Government scheme. When they were brought ashore again on September 1 they seemed none the worse for their experience, and were all anxious to resume their journey.

Mr. C. H. Hindley, headmaster of Stoke School, Gosport, who had charge of the contingent, told the story of what they regarded as an adventure with unashamed pride in "my children." He said:

The children were all in bed on the night of August 30 when the torpedo struck, shaking the ship from stem to stern.

Alarms were sounded immediately, and in a twinkling we were all at our appointed posts. Several boat drills carried out since we left harbour had them all well trained.

I WAS THERE!

Each group had been kept to one part of the ship, and they never took their lifebelts off except when they went to bed. Stewards and stewardesses were splendid. They never gave a thought for themselves or their property.

The children were in their life-jackets, coats hastily thrown over their pyjamas, and on the boat deck within 3½ minutes of the explosion. The older children helped the small ones on with their life-jackets. There was no panic, not a single cry.

They filed calmly to their stations like little soldiers, treating the whole thing as a great adventure.

Even as the lifeboats were slipping down to the water they started to sing "Roll out the Barrel." Their courage and cheerfulness inspired us all, racked as we were.

Three or four of the lifeboats had got away, but on examination it was thought that the ship could keep afloat and the captain attempted to recall the lifeboats.

Other ships were round us by this time. And the captain gave orders for all the remaining lifeboats—we had 24 in all—to be lowered. Within an hour and a half of the torpedo striking we were all safe on board other ships.

Many of the children were seasick in the boats. Those who were all right sang louder "to drown the sounds made by their sick companions," as they told me. It was wonderful to hear their voices rolling out over the waves of the dark and stormy Atlantic.

An eight-year-old youngster in my boat said: "Are we going on to Canada, sir?" I replied, "I hope so." "That's good," said the boy. "We don't want Hitler to think he can beat us that easy."

There were willing hands on the rescue ships to help the children aboard, but the older boys and girls scorned offers of a lift. They climbed the swaying rope ladders as though seaborn.

The younger ones were hoisted aboard in slings. The boat lowered baskets and we simply dumped the kiddies in twos and threes and had them hoisted aboard. The kiddies thought it was great fun.

In the rescue ships the crews gave the children and their escorts everything: sweets, food, cigarettes and clothing. Some of the stewards sang and told stories to the children. (*Press Association.*)

We Were Sunk by a Nazi Q-Ship

Among the merchant ships waylaid and sunk by a disguised German raider operating off the West Indies was the 5,000-ton "King John" of Liverpool. The ship's carpenter, Mr. Burroughs, here tells how his ship was sunk and the crew's four days in an open boat.

ABOUT nine in the morning of July 13, 1940, the captain of the "King John" sighted another ship on the horizon. "Chips" Burroughs said:

We all had a look at it when it came nearer, because ninety per cent of the ships on the seas these days seem to be British.

But this one was a foreigner. The cabin-boy next to me asked if she was carrying a gun, but all I could see was something square at the stern of the ship. It was one of four hidden six-inch guns.

The raider was flying the Swedish flag, and had Swedish colours painted on her sides. All of a sudden she opened fire. Four shells burst around us, sending red-hot, jagged shrapnel flying everywhere. Then there was another salvo of shells and another. With our one small gun we had no chance of fighting back. The raider had come up on us, innocently, had carefully fixed her gun sights and was firing at point-blank range.

A young Australian was at our gun, stripped to the waist, but he couldn't do anything. If he had fired back, he might have won fame for himself, but we should all have been blown to kingdom come. The captain gave the order to abandon ship.

I ran to my quarters, grabbed some tobacco, and put my best suit under my arm. Then I stopped to get a quick drink from the pump—because I guessed rightly that we might soon be suffering from thirst in an open boat—and I dropped my best trousers, not once worn, and lost them.

They were still firing as we lowered the boat. There were nineteen in my boat and forty-one in the boat on the other side of the ship. When we were nearly two miles away a motor-launch from the German ship fired a machine-gun across our bows to make us stop. As they approached one of the officers shouted "Hands up."

They took our captain and chief engineer on board to be prisoners in the raider, and then they looked us over for souvenirs. One of the junior radio men had his savings of £25 in a cashbox on his lap. They took that. They took a sheath-knife from me.

Both our lifeboats were brought alongside the raider, and the Germans launched a third one, containing prisoners they had taken off the "Davisian," another British ship they had sunk just before us.

The "Davisian's" crew were amused about the way the Germans favoured the Scotsmen aboard. The Nazis seemed to have the idea that Scotland was only waiting the right moment to rebel against England, so they gave the Scotsmen a ration of cigarettes, and none to the Englishmen, so as to spread discontent!

We cast off in our lifeboat, hoisted the sails, and soon lost sight of the other boats. Luckily for us our captain had whispered to us the course we should follow just before the Germans came alongside.

His reckoning was dead right, though it took us four days and four nights to get to the island he had told us about. The sun beat down on us during those four long days. The skin peeled off our face and arms, and our lips were cracked.

We were rationed to a beakerful of water a day per man, and some of the men were getting desperate with thirst when the clouds broke and the rain came. We all opened our mouths to the sky, and sucked the water off our arms.

Then we saw land. It was a blessed sight. It was a tiny coral island, with no landing place except up an iron ladder up the cliffs. The only inhabitants were four lighthouse keepers. We were grateful for the food they gave us, and for the knowledge that we were safe. ("*Daily Express.*")

On her way from Britain to Canada a "mercy ship" loaded with 321 British children was torpedoed by a Nazi U-boat. Fortunately, as is told in this page, not one of the children was harmed and here we see some who were landed at a west coast port. *Photo: Topical*

Yeomanry Regiments in Palestine

In this war, as in the last, Palestine is the temporary home of many of our most famous yeomanry regiments. Among those stationed there are the Cheshire and the Warwickshire Yeomanry, both of whom have "Gaza," "Jerusalem" and "Palestine 1917-1918" among their battle-honours.

Cheshire Yeomanry

Warwickshire Yeomanry

Arrived back in camp after a hard day's training, the good trooper's first consideration is for his mount (top left). Circles: the army farriers are on their job. Above, "spotting" for anything suspicious in sky or on land.

Such are the demands of mechanized warfare that most of the British cavalry regiments have now abandoned their horses and go into action in tanks. But there are exceptions, and one of the exceptions is this Yeomanry regiment which is making its way across the rocky terrain of the Holy Land. In the distance are some of those Palestinian hills which in the course of untold centuries have witnessed so many wars in this land of Armageddon.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

British Personalities of the War

Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, P.C., M.P., achieved fame as the "Dockers' K.C." in the years filled with labour troubles that succeeded the last war. He was born in 1884 in a Somersetshire village and went to work for a farmer at the age of eleven. Then he went to Bristol, where he organized the road transport workers—the first step in the career which was to give him the all-powerful position of General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union. For years he has been one of the chiefs of the Trade Union movement, and he was not even an M.P. when Mr. Churchill appointed him Minister of Labour in his "Win the War" Cabinet. Wandsworth Central, however, soon gave him the right to answer questions from the Treasury Bench.

Lord Woolton, Britain's Minister of Food was born 57 years ago. For years he has been one of the outstanding figures in the business world of the North of England—he is chairman of Lewis's and its chain of subsidiary drapery stores—and he was still Sir Frederick Marquis when, in 1939, he was made honorary adviser to the War Office and the Ministry of Supply on clothing for the army. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Director-General of Equipment and Stores on the Munitions Council, whence in April 1940 he was called by Mr. Chamberlain to take charge of the all-important new Ministry of Food—in which position he was confirmed by Mr. Churchill in the following month.

Rt. Hon. Ronald Hibbert Cross, P.C., M.P., was born in 1896 and is an old Etonian. After service in the Great War in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry and the Royal Flying Corps from 1914 to 1918, he devoted himself to his profession of merchant banker. In 1931, however, he was one of the multitude of young Conservatives who were returned to the House of Commons in the "Slump" election of that year. He was returned again for the same seat, Rossendale, in Lancashire, in 1935. After serving as a Government Whip and as Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, he became in 1938 Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade and in the following year was made Minister of Economic Warfare. In Mr. Churchill's reshuffle he succeeded Mr. R. S. Hudson at the Ministry of Shipping.

Lord Beaverbrook, appointed by Mr. Churchill Minister for Aircraft Production on May 10 and a few weeks later given a seat in the War Cabinet as Minister without Portfolio, was born (William Maxwell Aitken) in Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada, in 1879, the son of a Scottish minister. He made his first fortune in Canada, in cement, but came to England before the Great War, and in 1910 secured a seat in the House of Commons as Unionist M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. The next year he was knighted and in 1917 was raised to the peerage. In 1918 Mr. Lloyd George appointed him Minister of Information. By now he had secured control of the "Daily Express" and made it and the "Sunday Express" a power in the land. All through his public life he has been most keenly interested in the progress of flying and in the development of the economic resources of Britain and of the British Commonwealth, and still today these twin interests are his chief preoccupation.

Rt. Hon. Robert Spear Hudson, P.C., M.P., Minister of Agriculture, is wealthy because of the partiality shown by British housewives for the soap that bears his father's name. After Eton and Magdalen he entered the diplomatic service, and in 1924 first entered Parliament as M.P. for Whitehaven and in 1931 became member for Southport. Becoming Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, he was appointed Minister of Pensions in 1935, and two years later became head of the Department of Overseas Trade. About this time he came into prominence as leader of the band of younger Conservatives who wished for a more vigorous rearmament policy during the Chamberlain regime. Then in April 1940 he was made Minister of Shipping, and in the next month received the appointment of Minister of Agriculture in Mr. Churchill's administration.

Photos: Central Press, L.N.A., Topical Press, Planet News, and Vandyk